The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. VI—NO. 25. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1879. WHOLE NO. 337

SONG OF THE CAMP.

[Mr. Taylor's later poetical work has been in a grave and high strain, and readers who are familiar with it may not readily recall the lyric fervor of his earlier writings. At the public banquet given to Mr. Taylor at Delmonico's shortly before his departure, Ex-Minister Pierrepont embodied in his speech a felicitous reference to his first acquaintance with Mr. Taylor's poetry. He had found a stray newspaper copy of Mr. Taylor's "Song of the Camp," which he asked Mr. Bryant to reproduce. This poem is as follows :]

"Give us a song !" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :
"We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortals!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

THE FAIR STOWAWAY.

A ship's forecastle, like poverty, often makes one acquainted with strange companions, and the truth of this I verified on board an iron clipper called La Belle Helene, laden with locomotives and railway plant and bound for the east. Having loaded at Liverpool, we were hauling out of the Prince's half-tide basin, when a smart-looking man with a stern face and a look of foreign service came on board, and abruptly addressing the mate, desired him to clear the ship of strangers. This was Capt. Sprout, who had within twelve hours of his appointment been ordered to sea with two strange officers and a crew, some of whom were not in their sober senses, while others did not understand English. At Point Lynas the tug and pilot left us, with a strong southwest wind and a cross sea into which the vessel plunged, setting everything forward afloat.

On the second day things were a little more shipshape; though at noon, when we were piped to dinner, the forecastle was dark as pitch, what light there was being obtained from a slush-lamp, extemporized out of a beef-tin, a rope-yarn and a potato. Two wooden beef-kids, containing the last dinner of fresh meat, had been laid on the hatch, round which about fourteen men were seated, when something like a faint squeak seemed to issue from underneath. "Rats already," remarked one of the crew, helping himself to beef; when just as the ship gave an unusually heavy pitch, there was heard a long, wild continuous shriek, about which there could be no mistake. In an instant every man was on his feet; the hatch was thrown off, and a young fellow descended the coal-hold, and directly afterwards shouted "Stowaways here! Send down a line." When a bow-line had been thrown over him, we hauled up a wretched sea-sick looking lad of about twelve years of age, who seemed ill and worn out with exhaustion; and who was followed by an elder boy, whose face and form were almost concealed in a southwester and suit of tarpaulin much too big for him.

"What do you mean by yowling and yelping in that way?" roared Black, whose real name was Pappa, one of those rough turbulent looking men peculiar to Liverpool and New York.

The elder lad made no reply, but was in the act of putting his hand in the nearest beef kid, to assist his companion with food, when Black jumped up and drawing his knife across the lad's knuckles sung out: "Men before boys, remember; and not a bite of grub do you get here till you are victualled by the ship."

"Shame!" replied another voice which proceeded from a hammock; and Hawke, a pale-looking young fellow with a thin sharp nose and a pair of eyes as bright and piercing as a bird's put his head out.

"Who said that?"

"I did," answered the man in the hammock; "and I say too that you must be a coward to cut a boy's hand like that."

"Stand out then, if you don't want to be served the same," retorted the other; and Black stood up and brandished his sheath-knife. But he had not long to wait, for Hawke sprung out of his hammock, and without a work struck the bully a blow which floored him. When the latter regained his feet he was mad with passion and frantic for revenge; and seizing his weapon and lowering his head, was again rushing to the attack, when unable to stand it longer, I stepped forward and caught his wrist, which I twisted till he dropped the knife. Shouting to the foreigners, he yelled: "Are we to bullied by the Britishers in this way?" and I felt myself choked from behind, and while struggling with two unseen adversaries, slipped down with them uppermost. A general melee now ensued between the British and the foreigners, which was getting fierce and sanguinary, when Mr. Cobb, the mate, hearing a cry of "Murder!" rushed to the rescue, followed by the boatswain. The former was a tall, wiry man, possessed of great strength, and as he entered the forcastle he saw two Maltese jumping upon the body of Shaw, the young seaman who had found the stowaways. Without hesitation, Mr. Cobb seized one in each hand and knocked their heads together; but in the dark he was set upon by others, and one of the Maltese who was down seized him by the leg and bit him savagely; but the mate dealt him a terrible kick, which made him relinquish his hold and lie sprawling on the deck. Black was shouting, "Down with him—I'll finish him!" when he was seized by this son of Anak, and in spite of a furious resistance, was thrown on the deck, and in presence of the whole watch put in irons. By his courage, strength and decision Mr. Cobb overawed the whole of us, and perhaps saved some of the English portion from being murdered.

Order being restored, Mr. Cobb called for lights; and all objectionable weapons being delivered up to him, he condescended to ask what the disturbance was about; but when he found that in spite of his orders and care there were strangers on board, he began to chide the second mate and the boatswain for their negligence.

In the meantime the elder of the lads had placed his arm round the neck of the younger, as though to protect him, both of them looking very frightened. Mr. Cobb regarded the pair with a look of severity, and roughly ordered them to follow him to the cabin. When the waifs appeared before Capt. Sproul that officer was in the act of threatening to disrate the steward, whom he charged with being incapable and making free with his decanters; but directly the captain saw the pair and heard the account of the disturbance in the forecastle on their account, he broke out with, "You are a pair of young loafers who ought to be in jail, and shall go there when I reach Calcutta;" and here the captain rose up and commenced boxing the elder lad's ears for entering the cabin without removing his hat, and had just wrenched the objectionable head piece from the boy's head when a mass of tangled yellow hair fell down and the younger whined out, "Please, don't hurt, sir, she's my sister."

Capt. Sproul staggered back aghast. "Mercy on us!" he exclaimed. "Have you no shame or reputation left to come masquerading among my crew in men's clothes? Who are you? And what's your name?"

The girl colored crimson as she replied; "Helen Muir;" and then related that having no home, relatives or friends in England, she had run away from a boarding school near Liverpool, because through no letters or remittances having been received from her father for two years, her life had been made wretched from hearing reproaches constantly heaped upon their name. For the same cause her brother had been compelled to go to sea, and not wishing to be separated, they had determined to work their passage out to India and rejoin their father; leaving their clothes behind, and giving their last money to the wife of a ship-keeper, who induced her husband to place them in the hold of La Belle Helene.

"But," said the girl, "I will be no cost to you; for I am clever with my needle, can make pastry, and do, I think, all that a steward can."

Captain Sproul gave her a searching look, and said: "I shall try you;" and calling for Mr. Cobb, desired him to enter in the log that John Tattamy was disrated for drunkenness and Helen Muir appointed in his place. "And the boy," continued the captain, "will clean out the cabins and assist her."

The mate burst out laughing, and evidently imagined that his commander was jesting; but the captain looked sternly at him and remarked: "Mr. Cobb, it's an ill time for jesting when I give orders, as those who know me find."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the other, who quickly retired to his cabin to make the entry.

"Now, Helen," commenced Captain Sproul, "every soul on board here has to work, and so must you; and your duty is simple. Take charge of the cups and saucers, glass and linen and keep them clean. Pass my orders to the cook, who will come for them every morning at six sharp. Lay the table and wait on me. The boy will attend to Mr. Cobb and the second officer. Now remember!" and the captain looked terribly in earnest—"outside the cabin doors you must not stir without permission, nor speak to one of the crew for any reason, or you will be sorry for it. But if you come to me when in any difficulty, and do your duty without fear or favor from any one, you will be as safe in this cuddy as though you were in your father's drawing room." Having admonished the girl with this laconic speech, the captain found her a cabin, and turned his attention to getting her some clothes; and bringing a piece of dark blue serge intended for his own use and an old cloth jacket, he laid them on the cabin table and commenced to fashion a garment which when completed resembled the useful dress of a Sister of Charity.

In the course of a day or two, what with the captain's cloth and her own clever fingers, Helen was transformed into a blue-eyed sun-shiny girl of seventeen, with a wonderfully pretty face and a waving mass of light hair; but it was her innocent and engaging manner that constituted her great charm; and the cabin, Mr. Cobb declared, had never appeared to such advantage as when this little blonde fairly took charge of it.

Sailors never bear malice long, and there was much amusement in the forecastle when it was known that one of the strangers was a girl; but the disrated steward attributed sinister motives to the captain, whom he vowed he would expose when he got on shore; but Black, who had been released from the handcuffs, said something about her in Italian which made the Maltese laugh and shout "Bono, bono!"

Captain Sproul, however, had no companion but his own dignity; and when a month had passed, Helen under his tuition had much improved. He never allowed her to be idle or have unnecessary leisure; and in addition to her ordinary duties, which were not heavy, she wrote up the captain's log, and commenced to study Norie's navigation.

On starry evenings he would show her the different constellations; and from being silent and morose, must have been surprised at his own fluency in describing Perseus with the Gorgon's head and Andromeda chained to the rock and Cassiopoeia in her chair of state, which he said were placed there for mariners like himself to navigate by.

One evening at dusk all hands were called to shorten sail. Helen stood near the cabin door trimming a hand-lamp and watching us run aloft, when the door opened quietly, and Black barefooted stole in noiselessly as a tiger. Suddenly she saw the man with his eyes fixed upon her, and before she could scream or speak, he caught her in his arms and kissed her roughly; and while she struggled with him her hair broke loose and fell in waves over her face and breast. "I love you," he said, "and you shall be mine; and I will kill him, and him, and all of them"—pointing to the officers' cabin—"if you will say the word. But if you tell them about me, I shall kill you too. But I will come again; and I take this for a love gift;" and this black-bearded miscreant snatched from her neck one of Captain Sproul's white silk handkerchiefs, and disappeared in the dark as he had entered.

The girl was too horrified to tell any one what had occurred; besides, she did not even know the man's name; and five minutes afterwards, when Captain Sproul entered the cabin, he found her wiping oil off the floor, and for the first time spoke to her sharply about her carelessness; and imagining that her tears and trembling were occasioned by his reproof, returned on deck again. But another event occurred which did not pass off so smoothly. The next evening during the dog-watch, Sholto Shaw, the young seaman who had found Helen in the hold, went boldly to the cabin doors and under pretence of asking for medicine, took the opportunity of presenting her with a dainty pair of canvass shoes, which he said had been made on purpose for her; and she was questioning him as to who was the sender; but Captain Sproul was too sharp for them, for at that moment he darted out of his cabin and seizing the shoes, remarked: "You asked for medicine, I think;" when dragging Shaw on deck, and taking up a rope's end, he flogged him for stealing the ship's canvas, and promising him a stronger dose if the offence was repeated, the captain sent him forward.

Entering the cabin, the captain called Helen to him. "You have broken my orders and I am disappointed; but as I have punished the sailor, I must also punish you;" and producing a pair of scissors, the captain deliberately cut off all her hair, remarking that he might not be so lenient a second time.

As for Helen, a nature less innocent must have been blunted by such treatment; but she only shed a few tears, and made much lighter of the matter than my comrade Hawke, who trembled with indignation when he heard of the occurrence. Black on the contrary laughed like a hyena at the fate of the canvas shoes, and to our amazement put the white silk handkerchief round his neck, which he said the English Miss had given him.

Of Hawke's history I knew nothing; but there was something about the unknown seaman which showed that he had come down greatly in social status; in fact, he admitted that he was in the forecastle through his own folly. He was very reserved; but there was a cool self-possession and pride about him which made the other seamen keep aloof from him and the officers dislike him. Sharp words ensued between these two men about the ownership of the handkerchief, which would have ended in blows; but the weather being squally, we were piped away to reef topsails. The reef-tackles of the main topsail were hauled taut, and some of us were upon the yard picking up the points when Black came up the weather-rigging, and getting on the foot-rope, seized Hawke's points and gave him a shove which nearly sent both of us off the yard and caused us to let go the sail; and the others were compelled to do likewise. In an instant the sail bellied out; and Black, who was still holding on, was dragged over the yard; but no human power could save him, for what with the wind and the rain, we were almost blinded. Suddenly he gave a loud shriek, and as he did so, he fell feet foremost, and with a tremendous crash went half through a life-boat which was lying on the skids. He had been caught in his own trap, and when extricated by the carpenter, was found to be dead. The foreigners left the yard and commenced screeching and screaming and crossing themselves, and even the mate could not get them aloft again that night. The captain seemed more surprised to see one of his own handkerchiefs round the neck of the corpse than concerned at the man's untimely end; but after recovering the article, fortunately made no inquiries about it.

After a voyage of ninety days we reached Calcutta, where, after seeing his agents, the first thing that Captain Sproul did was to take Helen on shore. Then driving to the adjutant general's office, he made inquiries for her father, and was told that Captain Muir had sent in his papers three years previously.

An advertisement elicited the information that Captain Muir, a widower, at a time when he was hopelessly insolvent, had married an East Indian lady, and from getting into debt with the banks and struggling to get out of it, had fallen into worse difficulties, resulting in his death at the debtor's jail, Calcutta; and his widow, much impoverished, declined to increase her responsibilities by receiving step-children.

It was when Helen thus found herself without a home and friendless that Captain Sproul came to her aid. He had lately become gentle, and was less abrupt in his manner of speaking to her; and from treating her as a child had, although he hardly knew it, commenced to love her as a woman. But it was the mendacious statement of the disrated steward in the police court which precipitated matters and caused the captain thus to address his ward: "Like myself, Helen, you have served, and are now entitled to command; and if you will return on board La Belle Helene with such a title that none can question, I will make you my wife."

Extremes will meet. In spite of his severity Helen greatly respected the captain. His stern sense of justice, manly ways and the terse vigor that characterized his utterances, made him seem to her a man to look up to; besides she now regarded him as her protector and the ship her home, and she accepted him.

A few days after this speech Captain Sproul came on board in great good humor, for he had been married that morning, and had left his bride at the house of a friend, prior to going on a short honeymoon. Before leaving, however, he had to give his final instructions to Mr. Cobb.

Some days previous to the wedding my comrade Hawke had applied for and obtained his discharge, the captain remarking that he did not care to have broken-down gentleman on board his vessel, and advising Hawke to try to find more congenial employment on shore. But on this the captain's wedding morning a terrible event occurred, which nearly lost his wife, his ship and the lives of every one on board, including his own. The barometer had fallen, and when the captain came on board it was blowing fresh. He had just sent down our light yards when the breeze increased to a strong gale; and at noon, just as the great tidal wave was due, the wind shifted with the force of a hurricane, bringing with it the "bore" or storm-wave from the sea. Then commenced to blow such a cyclone that for destruction has hardly been equalled during the century. In that cyclone 20,000 people perished, and 113 villages were swept away; and out of a fleet of 300 of the finest ships and steamers in the world only one escaped without damage.

When the great wave came rolling up, La Belle Helene, directly she was struck, was dragged from her moorings, while the force of the wind was so terrific that we could not stand upright. Two vessels locked together had drifted against us, smashing our boats to match-wood and snapping our peaked yards as though they were pipe-stems. The concussion caused us to collide with another vessel, reducing her to the same state as ourselves; and thus four vessels locked together were swept out into the stream. We were carried stern first with almost railroad velocity, the captain and Mr. Cobb vainly trying to give orders, while holding on to the mizzen mast; when suddenly the vessel lifted up with a tremendous crash, as though her stern was stove in, and in less than a minute her bow swung round head up stream, and she lay over on her beam-ends. We had struck on a sunken wreck, and, in addition to losing the rudder, had knocked a large hole in our quarter, through which the water was rushing like a waterfall, and we were filling fast. This disaster, however, cleared us of the other vessels, which like chips in a mill-stream swept past, leaving us a complete wreck, with bulwarks stove in and fore lower-mast alone standing. As the vessel settled by the stern, with great difficulty we crawled and made our way the bow-sprit, which seemed each minute to stand more upright; while with a roar like the blast of a furnace the wind increased in force, or screamed like an Æolian harp through what remained of our wire shrouds. The cyclone was now at its height, and we had been nearly four hours on the bowsprit, when there was a lull, and as cattle, horses, and the dead bodies of men, women and children passed us, besides native boats and portions of wreckage, we could make out that they saw us on shore and were getting the rocket apparatus in position; but such was the force of the wind that when they fired the mortar the lines fell short, and after several attempts they desisted. They pointed down the river, however, and to windward we saw what appeared to be a speck coming up with the tide, which was running like a sluice. As the speck approached we could distinguish that it was a man with the features of Hawke, and he held up his hand to show that he had a line attached to him; and as he was carried towards us the captain dropped a running bow-line over him, and with great difficulty we hauled him on board. To the line which Hawke brought with him we were not long in attaching hawsers spliced together, which they hauled on shore; and as they were dragging us, one at a time, on land, Hawke came to me for a moment and in an anxious tone asked: "Where is Helen?"

"Married this morning to the captain and on shore."

He turned away, saying: "Then I am of no use to the world, and the world is of no use to me."

Through Hawke's gallantry we were rescued; and when safe on shore both the captain and Mr. Cobb shook him by the hand, as did numbers of others, and admired him for a brave fellow. A public dinner was given in his honor, and a large sum of money would have been subscribed for him; but the latter he declined to receive, curtly replying to the organizers of the subscription by telling them that he could not take what he was not entitled to claim; and from this speech some of us inferred that had Hawke known that the fair stowaway (to whom he had never spoken) was not on board the wreck, he might have acted, and we might have fared, differently.

The day after the cyclone the Hooghly was one unbroken mirror, and all was peace and tranquillity; and but for Calcutta being in ruins and the harbor one mass of wrecks, there was no trace in the yellow sky of the fearful scene which had been enacted the day before. High out of the water and standing conspicuously among the wrecks was the full-length figure-head of La Belle Helene, the flowing robe of which was painted a cerulean blue, suggesting to those belonging to the vessel that Hawke, whose work it was, had it in his mind to make it resemble his late commander's wife. With the aid of steam-pumps and lighters, the vessel was subsequently raised and towed into dry-dock.

One day, as the newly married couple were about to cross the river en route to the vessel, they saw a crowd of half-nude natives staring at a European who was lying full length on the bank of the river.

"What a shame!" remarked the captain, "for an Englishman to be in such a state;" but his wife, hurriedly dropping his arm, exclaimed: "Why, it is that brave fellow who saved all your lives; I fear he has fainted."

He was dead, and had apparently been so for half an hour; and the post-mortem resulted in a verdict of "Died from heart-apoplexy, accelerated through want of food, and a too great use of stimulants."

The clue to his identity was a lady's letter enclosed in an empty purse, the purport of which was that Lady Falcon enclosed a check for her son's use; but until he had retrieved his position requested that neither her daughters nor herself might hear from him again. The funeral—which but for the accidental recognition of poor Hawke by Mrs. Sproul, would have been that of an unknown pauper—was paid for by her husband, and largely attended by the officers and seamen in the port. It was Helen too who supplemented the official report of the captain to the widowed mother, containing the account of the death of her son, by a sympathizing letter of her own, enclosing a fragment of hair, and detailing an account of the cyclone and the rescue from the wreck, with which Hawke's name was so honorably associated, and whose prominent bravery in some measure expiated for his previous shortcomings and folly.

Little remains to be told. At first the wives of the captains, agents and their sets, who had heard of the romantic antecedents of Mrs. Sproul, thought it would never do to encourage a person of such doubtful origin; consequently, it was understood that Mrs. Sproul was to be cold-shouldered. But the little woman was more than a match for them. Her amiability, charming manners and beauty vanquished the scruples and melted the stern respectability of most them; while her husband was respected as a worthy man and skilful commander. She made him a devoted and excellent wife, realizing the sentiment:

Honor and Shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

How She Read her Husband's Letter.—A middle aged woman had a letter handed her at the general delivery in the Post Office yesterday, and she sat down on the windowsill to read it. Her interest was intense from the start, and she spoke up and said:

"He calls me his darling. That is good."

After reading a few lines further on, she said:

"And he misses my society so much."

Half way down the page she spoke again."

"And he calls me his sunbeam—his guardian angel!"

She climbed up on the sill a little further, turned the letter over and mused:

"And he's lost three pounds worrying about my health! He is just a darling—that's what he is!"

She reached the top of the fourth page and exclaimed:

"What! Going East, eh!"

Further down she growled:

"And he met that red-haired Widow Kernshaw on the cars, eh? I'll see about that! He probably didn't tell her he was married."

She got down to the "P. S." glanced over a couple of lines and then yelled out:

"Not coming home until next week! Great press of business! I'll see whether he is not coming! Boy! where's the telegraph office?"

And she ran across the street and sent her husband a dispatch which made the operator's hair stand up as he received and read it.

P. T. Barnum, about twenty years ago, when he was in San Francisco, advertised for a cherry-colored cat. An Irishman answered the advertisement, and offered to bring a fine Tom cherry-colored pussy for two dollars and a-half. Barnum was so delighted that he sent the man the money at once in order to hold him to his bargain; but his delight changed to unmitigated disgust when the Irishman came and jerked a wall-eyed, sick-looking black cat out of the bag, and told him that its name was Billy, and that it was very fond of fish. "What d'ye mean by bringing me this thing?" yelled Barnum. "Didn't you say you had a cherry-colored cat?" "I did that, Mr. Barnum," said Mr. Michael McGuffin, "and didn't oi bring yez wan? Didn't ye iver ate black cherries, asthore?" The great showman has never advertised for a cherry-colored cat since.

Switzerland has been admonished by the great powers not to allow itself to become a refuge for Communists; and the Berne authorities have replied that they will banish any refugee trying to conspire on Swiss soil against neighboring countries and sovereigns.

"THE WUST BOY."

All the old women for blocks up and down Sixth street called him "the wust boy," and Jim did much to win the title and keep it. He fought everything and everybody, harassed cats and abused dogs, and various attempts had been made during the last year to get him settled in the Reform School. The "wust boy" has made a new departure, and though it may not be lasting, as it is for the better, it will probably furnish opportunity for other boys to step in and claim the unenviable title.

"The wust boy" cared nothing for the sight of crape on the knob, and a funeral procession was as good as a parade to him. Surprise was therefore manifested on every countenance when he softly knocked at the door the other week and said:

"I hain't got no good clothes to go to the funeral, but I'd like to see the old lady's face agin afore she's covered up in the ground."

A motherly old lady in the neighborhood had passed away. So far as the public knew he hated her, as he seemed to hate all the rest, but the public didn't know. If Jim had condescended to explain he would have said:

"Well, yer see, one night when that big Tom Skip laid for me and had me as good as smashed, this ere woman rushed out and pulled him off and slammed him against the fence till his elbows ached. Then again she let me play with the children, and axed me into dinner, and mor'n once she's took up for me and said the neighbors didn't give me a fair show."

They let him in to see her dead face, half expecting to see some ghastly trick on his part, and never dreaming that he would lean over and kiss the cold cheek, and then tears would come to his eyes.

"Where's the children?" he asked as he turned from the coffin.

"Up stairs, poor things."

"It is going to be hard on them isn't it?"

"Yes; they will see hard times, poor darlings."

"There's a leetle bit of a fellow among 'em, what's named Pete," continued the 'wust boy;' "what'll it cost a week to pay his way?"

The women smiled at the idea; but seeing how earnest Jim was, one of them replied:

"Oh, about fifty cents, I guess."

The boy went out without a word, and in the course of ahalf an hour another lad handed in a piece of wrapping paper, in which was inclosed a silver quarter. On the paper was scrawled the words (the work of three or four boys):

"I hope she's gone to hevvins, an' I'll take care of little Peter, at fifty cents a week. Here the fust stalment."

"Gim."

The next day he sent in the balance, and last week the "instalment" was promptly forthcoming. Jim has a boot-black's kit and has gone to work, and the old women who called him the "wust boy," now look after him and exclaim:

"Well, now, but who'd a-thought that boy had a soul in him!"

Practice better than Preaching.—Read the following, and you will then be better able to appreciate the fact that the Chicago & North-Western Railway is the *leading* line between Chicago and Council Bluffs; that it can give you more value for your money than any other other line; that it, in the use of these elegant hotel cars, has taken a long stride ahead, and that if you wish the very best accommodations, you must buy your tickets over this road.

The following is from the pen of Mrs. Frank Leslie, the wife of Frank Leslie, of *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, who has recently published a readable book under the title of "California; a Pleasure Trip from Gotham to the Golden Gate." It is needless to say that Mr. Leslie and his party went over the Chicago & North-Western Railway, in "The President," one of its line of hotel-cars:

"On arriving at the Chicago & North-Western Railway station, we enter the famous Pullman hotel car exhibited at the Centennial Exposition. * * In the midst of the cheerful bustle and excitement we are off, and able to look about us at our home. First, we are impressed with the smooth and delightful motion. * * We proceed to explore the internal resources of our kingdom. We find * * one end of the car partioned off and fitted up as a kitchen, store room, scullery; reminding one, in their compactness and variety, of the little Parisan *cuisines*, where every inch of space is utilized, and where such a modicum of wood and charcoal produces such marvelous results. Our *chief*, of ebon color and proportions suggesting a liberal sampling of the good things he prepares, wears the regulation snow white apron and cap, and gives us cordial welcome and information, showing us, amongst other things, that his refrigerator and larder are boxes adroitly arranged beneath the car. The tables are laid for two each, with dainty linen and the finest of glass and china. * * Our repast is Delmonican in its nature and style, consisting of soup, *entrees*, roast meats, and vegetables, followed by the conventional dessert and the essential French coffee.

In these Hotel Cars the meals are *a la carte*—you pay for what you get, and nothing more; and this at very reasonable rates.

The managers of the Company have determined to omit nothing which will add to the convenience, safety and comfort of the traveling public who favor them with their patronage; and further, that they will not be eclipsed in this direction by any other railroad in the world. Hence these cars, constructed by the Pullman Palace Car Company especially for the Pioneer Line, are the finest ever built.

It is not exaggeration to say that no road in the world can produce the equal to these magnificent cars, and as the average traveler wants the best of everything that can be had, he must of necessity use this line in this trans-continental trip.

The charges for berths in these Hotel Cars are the same (and no higher) as are made in the more common Sleeping Car, so that the traveler using one of these palatial hotels is given much more worth for his money than he can get on any other line.

Remember! Pullman Hotel Cars are now running regularly between Chicago and Council Bluffs, on the Denver and California Express Trains of the Chicago & North Western Railway." West-bound, they leave Chicago daily, except Sunday, (and on every third Sunday,) from the Wells Street Depot, at 10.30 A. M., and arrive at Council Bluffs next morning. East bound, they leave Council Bluffs at 5.30 P. M., except Saturday, (and on every third Saturday,) and reach Chicago the next afternoon.

Bear in mind! No other road runs Pullman Hotel Cars, Pullman Dining Cars, or any other form of Hotel, Dining, or Restaurant Cars *through* between Chicago and the Missouri River. On no other road can you get all the meals you require between Chicago and Omaha without leaving the car you start in. This is the only line that has *through* eating cars of any sort.

A Paris newspaper devotes a corner to "First-class deaths."

TRUTHFUL AND OBEDIENT.

"Charlie! Charlie!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat, and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet!" "Have it out!" "Finish this game!" "Try it again!" cried the players, in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this very minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they all exclaimed.

"But I did hear!"

"She don't know you did."

"But I know it, and——"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him. He's tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"That's so!" said Charlie; "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied; and in a hard knot, too."

"Baby! wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who does'nt keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does!" and he hurried away to his cottage come.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played ball on the common. Charles Grey is now a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that "his word is as good as a bond."

We asked him once how he acquired such a reputation:

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habit formed then has clung to me through life."

How a Salary Was Raised.—A few days ago, during one of his rounds through his palatial hotel, the landlord of the Palmer House entered a room suddenly and discovered a window-washer leisurely engaged in reading a newspaper. Being very active himself he had no use for a lazy man, or one who slights his work. He discharged the washer on the spot and ordered him to go to the office for his pay. The man obeyed got his money, went to his room on the upper floor, arrayed himself in his Sunday suit, packed up his duds and descended to the servants' apartment to take leave of his former associates. About this time Mr. Palmer entered, but did not recognise his quondam employee in his store clothes. "Here, my man, you look as though there was good work in you; do you want a job?" The ex-washer, somewhat surprised, admitted that he stood in need of one. "Can you wash windows?" The man allowed that he could. "Well," said Mr. Palmer, "I've just discharged a man who has been doing that sort of work. I paid him only $20 a month, but if you take the place and go right to work I'll pay you $22." The proposition was quietly accepted, and in half an hour the discharged employee was scrubbing away in the same old room.—*Chicago Times.*

The mother's life is full of prose,
From early dawn till daylight's close,
But oft, amid her household cares,
Some little poem unawares
Is written down within her heart,
And of her life becomes a part.

Some loving words a child may say,
A golden curl long put away,
A half-worn shoe upon the floor,
An outgrown dress the baby wore,
A broken toy or faded flower,
May touch the heart-string any hour.

Greenland Courtship.—When the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman, as the Romans did the Sabine women, by force. One of the missionaries, writing in his journal, describes the style of Christian courtship as follows:

The suitor, coming to the missionary, said, "I should like to have a wife."

"Whom?" asked the missionary.

The man names the woman.

"Hast thou spoken to her?"

Sometimes the man will answer, "Yea she is not unwilling, but thou knowest womankind."

More frequently the answer is "No."

"Why not?"

"It is difficult; girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her."

The missionary summons the girl, and after a little conversation, says, "I think it is time to have thee married."

"I won't marry."

"What a pity! I had a suitor for thee."

"Whom?"

The missionary names the man who has sought his aid.

"He is good for nothing. I won't have him."

"But," replies the missionary, "he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill; and he loves thee."

Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure, the girl answers, "I won't marry. I won't have him."

"Well I'll not force thee. I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow."

The missionary remains silent, as though he understood her "No" to have decided the matter.

At last, with a sigh she whispers, "Just as thou wilt have it, missionary."

No," replies the clergyman, "as thou wilt; I'll not persuade thee."

Then with a deep groan come a "Yes," and the matter is settled.

That house will be kept in turmoil where there in no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single piece of wood on the grate and apply the fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; add half a dozen sticks, and you will have a blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and may possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, pile on all the fuel, draw in another of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by others, and there will soon be a blaze that will enwrap them all.

Fifteen of the ladies connected with the present Diplomatic Corps at Washington are Americans, who have given themselves away to distinguished husbands. Among the number are the wives of the French, Italian, Gauatemalian and Turkish Ministers, and many others of lesser rank, including Mrs. Yung Wing, of the Chinese Legation, who was a Miss Bartlett, of Connecticut.

It was a rich widow who wondered that the handsomest young man had fallen in love with her. "Yes, it is wonderful," said Mr. Spruceup, "but I do love you to distraction. Why, I even love the ground you walk on." "I thought so," observed the widow, "but I'm not in want of a landlord at present."

Mr. Spurgeon is credited with this design on hubby's happiness:—"When I am marrying young couples I generally tell the young lady to let her husband be the head, for that is according to Scripture and to nature; but I always advise her to be the neck, and twist him round which way she likes."

ODDS AND ENDS.

One is gentlest when one is strongest in a resolution.—*Richter.*

Liberality consists less in giving profusely than giving judiciously.

The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light and reflects it.

Only actions give life thought; only moderation gives it a charm.—*Richter.*

Good fortune is often the reward of virtue, and as often the effect of prudence.

Woe to them who give scant measure, and exact full measure from others—*Mohammed.*

Not till the external, sensitive chords of man are struck, do the inner ones sound after them.

To keep apples from rotting put them in cauldron.

Those who come to you to talk about others are the ones who go to others to talk about you.

"Now, Johnny," says grandma, "I want you to sit still as a mouse." "Mouses don't sit still, grandma."

"Tom, do you know French?"—"Yes, very well by sight, but have no speaking acquaintance with it."

"What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered; "Information of the brain."

Speaking of dancing, a clergyman hits the nail on the head with the remark that "People usually do more evil with their tongues than with their toes."

What commonly hinders us from showing the recesses of our heart to our friends is not the distrust we have of them, but that we have of ourselves.

One of sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was rather equivocal: "I hope, my lord, if you come within a mile of my house you'll stay there all night."

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

"And what do you think of Switzerland?" asked a lady of a American belle who had just made the tour. "Pretty place, but it struck me there were too many lakes and to few young men."

No man starts in his professional career wise, strong, and thoroughly fitted for his work. One must gain wisdom by experience, strength by exercise, and fitness by reiterated, and at first often ineffectual, endeavor.

"Law, ma, here's a heagle." Mamma (reproachfully—"A heagle! O, you hignorant gal. Vy, it's a howl." Keeper of the menagerie (respectfully)—"Axin parding, mum, 'tis an 'awk!" This was a scene in a London show.

Ex-Chancellor Chelmsford had on hand when he died an anecdotic work on the English bar. He was an inveterate story-teller, and was happy in a consort who seemed each time to find a fresh flavor in his histories, an excellent thing in the wife of an indefatigable teller of good things.

The last man will have an awfully lonesome time of it. Nobody to borrow money of; nobody to dun him or raise his rent; no gas meter to make things lively; no book agents; no life insurance man, and no oldest inhabitant to declare that's the most remarkable weather we have ever had.

In a Paris Restaurant a gentleman and a snob are seated at the same table. The snob is just finishing his dinner, the gentleman just begining his. The snob lights a cigar and blows a cloud of smoke over his coffee. The gentleman rises and says in the politest tone, "Excuse me, sir—will it annoy you if I eat while you are smoking?"

Mademoiselle X———, meeting one of her old boarding-school friends who has just been married. "Well," said she, "are you happy? Do you get along well together?" "Happy, yes, without doubt; but we squabble a great deal." "Already! and about what?" "Paul pretends always that it is he who cares the most for me, and I'm very sure that it is I!"

Sorrow for the most part not only purifies but enriches, not only disciplines but ennobles. By affliction we are made better friends and more sympathetic companions, braver to meet and stronger to bear, and moulded into a grander form throughout than we could ever have attained without this suffering which has been our hard but benevolent task-master.

Louis XIV, going to mass one Sunday, found that the congregation consisted of his own immediate attendants and the officiating officer of the chapel. He asked Fenelon the meaning of this extraordinary lack of attendance. "The fact is, sire," said the Archbishop, "I let it be supposed you were not coming today, that you might judge how many come to worship God, as compared with the king."

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away! It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy—many of the most wretched beings on earth have both—but it is a radiant, sunny spirit which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy little comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.

"I shall tell you how it vas. I drank mine larger; den I put mine hand on mine head and dere was vone pain. Den I put my hand on mine body, and dere vas another pain. Den I put my hand in mine pocket, and dere vas notting. So I jine mid de demperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone avay. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere was twenty dollars. So I shtay mid de demperance."

Some the French Jokes connected with the Russo-Turkish war were not bad. For example, a Russian general rides forward to the Grand Duke "I have the honor, your Imperial Highness, to announce a great victory.' "Very well. Go and congratulate your troops." "There are none left." Another: A Turkish pasha is surveying the field with his glass. An aide-de-camp rides up—"All our artillery has been captured." The pasha strokes his beard philosophically, and says, "Fortunately it was not paid for."

Of a certain eastern Ex-Governor a pleasant story is related. Once upon a time he visited Worcester, and called upon an acquaintance, who owned many fine pictures. The ex-governor went about the room examining these, until he came to a painting of the "Madonna" hanging upon the mantel. He peered up through his eyeglasses. "And who—er—is—this?" he asked. "That," said his acquaintance, "is a Madonna." "Ah!" said the exgovernor, blandly "It she a Worcester lady?"

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

Thursday, January 23, 1879.

OFFICE—48 Radcliffe St., cor. Walnut St.
BRISTOL, PA.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies.....3 cents.
One year.....$1 50.
One year, payment strictly in advance....$1 00

—The wonderful advantages of the telephone are constantly being made apparent. The *Telegraph* says that a company has been organized in Philadelphia, with an office near Fourth and Chestnut streets, where telephones now connect with the banks and leading firms, and communications of all kinds can be verbally sent and conversation from this central point held with any firm that has connection there. Replies to questions asked from different sections of the city can thus be answered in two or three minutes. This source of communication is valuable in two or three ways. A bank, for instance, may receive a cheque from a firm and entertain doubts of its genuineness. A question and reply concerning it can thus be transmitted in a couple of minutes. This gives increased business facilities and conveniences.

—*Harper's Weekly* says. Nothing could be more ludicious than the failure, with all preparation made, to establish any kind of gation was not ordered until the Democratic managers thought that they had "a sure thing." But the very first witness, who was intended to crush the Administration and convict Mr. Sherman, was Anderson, from whom the investigation and the Democratic party have never recovered. As for ciphers, Mr. Chandler, of New-Hampshire, offered to explain his, but nobody apparently cared to hear. Indeed the whole "set-off" amounts to saying that there are as great rascals among Republicans as among Democrats. But it has not been yet thought worth while to open the prisons and close the courts because there are scoundrels who are not accused, nor tried, nor published.

—Senator Cameron's contest for re-election ended in his signal triumph, as was expected. Only five Republicans present refused to vote for him. Three Senators and two Representatives were designedly absent from their seats. The loss of three members in the House was compensated for by the vote of three Nationals. The vote stood in the Senate: J. Donald Cameron, 28; Hiester Clymer, 16; Daniel Agnew, 2; M.-R. Thayer, 1; Edward McPherson, 1, and G. A. Grow, 1; absent, 1. In the House: Cameron, 107; Clymer, 76; Agnew, 14, and McPherson, 2. The successful candidate was called in by a delegation of Republican Senators and members, upon whom he urged the necessity of perserving the party organization in order to win in the Presidental election of 1880.

—The Potter Committee is about sitting down to hard work to investigate what the Democrats on the committee would prefer not to investigate—the cipher telegrams. At a meeting of the committee yesterday, General Butler said that certain dispatches had come into his possession last spring. He found them upon his private table, but had no knowledge as to how they came there. He agreed to turn them over to the committee upon proper receipts being given for them. The number of telegrams in the possession of General Butler is 641, and as only a portion, if any, of them have been published, their translation and publication is looked for with interest by the Republicans and anxiety by the Democrats, who do not know where the lightning will strike next.

—In the House of Representatives, on Tuesday, Mr. Potter presented a resolution for an investigation of the cipher telegrams translated by the *New York Tribune*. Gen. Butler opposed the motion, on account of the public scandal of such an investigation, and because the privacy of telegrams should be observed. Mr. Conger and Mr. Hale made cutting speeches; and Mr. Hewett defended Mr. Tilden. The Republicans wanted to prolong the time, but the motion was voted down, and debate was cut off the previous question. The resolution was then passed without a division.

—Elections for United States Senators were held Tuesday in eight States. In New York Senator Conkling was re-elected to a third term; in Pennsylvania Senator Cameron was returned; in Indiana Senator Voorhees was elected for both the short and long terms; in Illinois General Logan was elected; in Missouri General Shields was elected for the short, and Colonel Vest for the long term; in Connecticut Orville H. Platt, in North Carolina Z. B. Vance, and in Florida Wilkinson Call were elected.

—Mr. W. W. Story, gives in the February *Atlantic* a charming account of "A Roman Holiday Twenty Years Ago." The pleasant journeylings so graphically described were off the highway of common travel, and so have a peculiar interest; for, as Mr. Story truly says, no one can know how beautiful is Roman Italy without having traveled in the mountains which girdle the Campagna, or can justly estimate the people without having seen them in their primitive country life.

—During the debate on the civil rights bill, Gen. Butler, who was leading the Republican side, asked Mr. Randall, the Democratic leader, to agree to a Sunday session, in order to finish up the business. Randall objected, saying that he had some hopes of a hereafter. Butler replied: "If you have, you will be the same there as here, a member of the lower house."

—The Republicans of Wisconsin yesterday nominated Matthew H. Carpenter for United States Senator by acclamation. One by one the stalwarts are being returned to the Senate. Conkling, Cameron, Logan, and Carpenter are safely landed, and if Zach Chandler is successful in Michigan, the group will be complete.

One of the most significant demonstrations of the Democratic cipher panic is the sudden eruption of admiration for Butler which fills the party organs. The able editors were immensely relieved at the discovery of the General's intention to sling his delayed bricks in opposition to more sunlight of publicity.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 20, 1879.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The heaviest blow dealt any Congressman this winter was that given Mr. Glover by Mr. Irish, Chief of Bureau of Engraving and Printing, in his reply to Mr. Glover's wholesale charges of malfeasance, negligence and extravagance, upon the Bureau. Glover is one of those self important individuals whose lack of brains and statesmanship is offset by an overweening self conceit which puffs him up, in his own estimation, into the most important man in Congress, and united with this, is an inability to perceive any difference between his vivid imagination and facts, hence, Don Quixote like, he imagined Mr. Irish's Bureau to be just what it is-not, and going into battle with that windmill, came out quite as seriously knocked into pi as his illustrious Spanish predecessor. Mr. Irish's letter of reply affords the raciest reading imaginable, for he leaves not a single prop for Mr. Glover to stand upon. He refutes every charge, and shows the utmost of skill, economy and efficiency throughout his vast machine. He and Mr. McPherson have pruned off every excrescance of mismanagement and leakage, and he shows by indisputable figures that the government can do its own printing cheaper than can be done by contract, and further, that Mr. Glover's 1,000 cats dwindle down to not even one.

Through the efforts of Senator Morrell we are likely to have a National Museum, located upon that portion of the Mall set apart for the Smithsonian Institute. A bill for its construction has been passed by the Senate, and now awaits the concurrence of the House, which will be given from present appearances. The necessity for such a building is apparent to any visitor to the Smithsonian, or the old Army Hall, near it, for in these two buildings are stored thousands of boxes filled with curiosities and rarities given to the United States by foreign governments, who exhibited them at the Centennial in 1876, consisting of costliest ceramics, woods, metals, etc., and also of the mineralogical, geological and other scientific collections of our own government. There are all useless to scientists and the cause of science because they cannot be displayed for lack of show room. The Mall is the governmental reservation, which extends from the west front of the Capitol grounds, and extends due west to the Potomac. One of the sections is occupied by the government botanical gardens, where flowers are grown in splendid hot houses by the most skillful of florists for Congressional use. A member of Congress has precisely the same power here that he has in getting books and seeds for his constituents, and manages always to secure a good fat picking, if he has taste for flowers, and has handsome women to accept them, as Uncle Sam's contributions through him. Near these hot houses, or conservatories, stands the Bartholdi Centennial fountain, which as a work of art in iron, is superb, but as bronze, for which it was bought, it is rather fishy, for in being only iron it would seem that somebody got sold by buying it for bronze. These gardens should be visited by all strangers who come to the city for the purpose of seeing all its interesting points, as there are no conservatories in the United States surpassing these in extent or variety of plants. In another section of the Mall is the Agricultural Department, and in another is that standing disgrace to the nation, the Washington monument, and over which we are quibbling now about changing its form. The original idea of a shaft is to be abandoned for some gingerbread pattern of a statue. One cannot help wondering at the absurd taste of the ancients which led them to build pyramids and huge obelisks whose height gave a strong outline against the sky, not of course that given by a statue, but by a shaft. Had they had the artistic wisdom of our modern monument builders, not one of their obelisks would have been made, but instead, we should be to-day enjoying lesser height and outline in their works. We are, however, heretical enough to wish that the original shaft might be completed, and Washington's monument, like an Egyptian pyramid, through its vast height and proportion may make an outline against the distant horizon as impressive as it is grand to the approaching traveller.

The President's first reception, was as usual, a grand crush and jam of the great unwased plebeian, and the jewelled bedizened aristocract. Hard times have not lessened the display and magnificence of costly dresses, and the White House never looked more resplendent and brilliant than at this last reception. Mrs. Hayes was, of course, the central attraction to the caller as he or she swept hurriedly past the President after merely touching his hand. Chief Joseph and one of his chiefs were among the most important guests. They wore their Indian garb, which rendered them particularly conspicuous, and drew around them after they went into the East Room, an eager crowd of curious gazers. Chief Joseph looks the great chief all over, and he necessarily becomes here as great a lion as a titled foreigner, though not to the extent of having as much todyism shown him as a grand duke would command. D. D.

HARRISBURG LETTER.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 20, 1879.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Harrisburg is alive this evening, with the anticipation of being much liveller to-morrow. Arrivals from all parts of the State are flocking here in great numbers. The State Fencibles and a company of the National Guards, from Philadelphia, came in by special train this afternoon, and looked finely in all the display of bright military uniforms. There is a great crowd of old members in the House this evening. Politicians from all sections of the Commonwealth are discussing politics in general, and Don Cameron in particular, whose election is assured to-morrow, the 21st inst. Preparations for the inauguration of Governor Hoyt are steadily progressing, and it will no doubt be a magnificent affair, spiced with any amount of band music. All the principal buildings and hotels are decorated with flags.

The speaker has not announced the Committees, nor has the Chief Clerk yet announcee his appointments. They are held back till after the Senatorial election, upon one pretense or another.

January 21, 1879.

Several very important events have taken place to-day in Harrisburg. A Governor has been retired, one put in, and a United States Senator elected. Harrisburg has on her holiday dress, and is resplendent with an abundant display of national bunting, and other paraphernalia necessary for the most imposing inauguration in the history of Pennsylvania. A fine display of fire works finished up the show for the outside masses, but the Governor's reception came afterwards for the elect. About five thousand members of the National Guard are present in the city, and showed off finely under the command of General Howard Reeder. The hotels are all full, and Harrisburg is crowded in every corner.

I presume the committees of the House will be announced to-morrow, and the Speaker's appointments made public. The great Senatorial job, which has involved the whole party machinery, having been got through with, legislative business will again be resumed. Don Cameron would just as surely have been Senator, if the party whip had not been used so vigorously, as the result of the election last fall determined that fact, and no power but death could scotch it.

The weather is good and the sleighing is fine, and the people seem to thoroughly enjoy it. BUX.

GOV. HOYT'S INAUGURATION.

Henry M. Hoyt was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg, Tuesday, succeeding Governor Hartranft. The city was crowded with visitors, and the inaugural parade was very large. The Governor's inaugural address is as follows:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, and Fellow Citizens: We [illegible] a time-honored custom. To you, the occasion which convenes us is mainly ceremonial in its character. And yet not only to you who are gathered immediately within the sound of my voice, but to all the citizens of the State it is an occasion of serious import. You and they are to witness a change in the Chief Magistracy of your Common wealth. To myself, it is more significant. While I gratefully accept my share of the pleasure incident to a pageant like this, it is suggestive of delicate duties and grave responsibilities. Elected to be Chief Magistrate of the State, my official life begins here and now.

It will be a common pleasure to us to be exempted from giving special attention at this time to matters of public business. The conspicuous ability and the long and varied experience of my distinguished predecessor have permitted nothing to escape his attention which concerned the public good, or was of sufficient importance to be commended to the special action of the General Assembly, or which might challenge the consideration of the people. His last annual message is a document at once so judicious, timely and comprehensive in its review of public affairs and its recommendations, as to relieve me for the present from all care in respect to that branch of the executive duty. I may, therefore, regard myself as at liberty to glance at some topics, not inappropriate to this occasion, in which all good citizens feel a deep concern.

THE INDUSTRIAL OUTLOOK.

The question uppermost in the mind of the country relates to the revival of business. The last five years will be memorable in our National history as a period of industrial depression, and consequent social distress. These five years have disclosed the cause of our troubles, and their experience should lead us up to the true methods of recovery! They will be found to lie in the moral forces of society, and not in legislative enactments or executive interference. I shall offer you no discourse upon the financial theories which have vexed us during these years. We have come, with great unanimity, to recognize the actual facts which lie at the bottom of this whole subject. A generation of younger business men had come upon the stage at a period of excitement, following the war, and of speculation, fairly reaching the degree of gambling. The vastly expanded credit which men gave, one to another, in all forms of business, the result of an inflated currency, led to unnatural values, as measured in such currency. The temptations for contracting debts were great, and not easly resisted. We spent more than we earned; we forgot that "the extravagance of the rich was not the gain of the poor"—"that profusion and waste were not for the good of trade"—and that everything consumed and destroyed was so much lost in the labor which had produced it. Circulating capital was locked up in fixed property. The wages-fund was impaired. We abandoned the maxims of experience, and the simplest truths in political economy. We measured values by a standard not common to the civilized world with whom we were in daily and necessary commercial intercourse. We failed to remember that the issue of paper money, whether greenback, National bank notes, bills of exchange or checks, did not add a dollar to the wealth of the Nation, and that while indispensable as a circulating medium, it could only have a representative value. We did not advert sufficiently to the present physical and financial fact, that by the tacit agreement of the nations the precious metals are the only standard of value, the only "current money with the merchant." We did not seem to know that the instincts of a practical, shrewd and enterprising nation of business men must finally and forever reject the use of an irredeemable currency. At the last, pay day came, as it always must, and bankruptcy came with it, as it always will under like causes. Our capacity to consume was destroyed. The producer was without buyers for his merchandise. Debtor and creditor alike had to pause for the day of settlement. A system of economy and saving was forced upon us, and it was the one process to restore us. It cost us a hard struggle, self-denial and suffering, but the result was health, moral and financial. The virtues of sobriety and industry, renewed in practice, give us discipline and strength. They widened and deepened our manhood and womanhood. Discarding the cheap devices of mere theorists, the dishonest proposals of mere agitators, and the charlatanry of a political economy which undertook to teach us how to create wealth without labor, we are now ready to go forward. Henceforth we are to produce and exchange actual things, and not gamble in merely fictitious values. Resumption has taken place confidence is restored, and business will flow in healthy channels so long as values are stable and their measures honest. Pennsylvania is an empire in its resources, and her people in the past have developed and used them only by the virtues of labor and economy. For the future we must accept the same conditions.

It is possible, that, within our borders, there may be required some readjustment of our population to the centres of industry—some re-distribution of labor and capital. Your Bureau of Labor and Statistics, when adequately organized and administered, will furnish abundant data upon which the intelligence of the people will act.

I desire here to bespeak the freest and fullest co-operation of the people with their Chief Magistrate. It is equally their privilege and their duty to make their interests and their wishes known through their legislative representatives, by committee, by writing, or by direct personal interview with the Executive. Such careful, special, intelligent, unreserved expression upon the part of the people, would enable both the Legislative and Executive branches of their Government to act with a clearer appreciation of their necessities. I speak now for myself alone, but I am at the same time confident that I express the sentiments of every gentleman who is officially related to the State Administration.

THE BALLOT MUST BE PROTECTED.

We are renewing, in part, the *personnel* of our State Government at a period of momentous interest in our national affairs. The one great question yet to be solved is, Shall government by the ballot be maintained in this country, with equal political rights for all legal voters? Pennsylvania's attitude on that question is known wherever her name is known. That she will insist on the enforcement of the authority of the National Constitution, in every State of the National Union, is as certain as that her mountain peaks point toward heaven and her rivers roll to the sea. Under no circumstances can she ever recede from this position. Strong in herself, stronger in virtue of the constitutional relationship to her sister States, she will be magnanimous, conciliating, and patient. But justice in the end must with her be paramount. Upon this high ground she will demand that the provisions of a constitution made for all shall be conformed to by all. This question goes not only to her political convictions, to her estimate of the worth of our civilization, but to the consciences of her population. Pennsylvania bows in unalterable devotion to the grand ideas of the supremacy, perpetuity, and glory of the Nation.

I have detained you, fellow-citizens, beyond my intention, and will, therefore, claim your indulgence but a moment longer for a personal allusion. I should be guilty of insincerity if I affected indifference to the honor of the trust your suffrages have confided to me. I am incapable of expressing my heartfelt sense of its value, or the strength of my purpose to prove that it has not been misplaced. So much, in brief, to those to whom I directly owe my election. One word to my fellow-citizens who preferred and supported my honorable competitors. It is worthy of a free people that they bear themselves with propriety and self-control, through the contentions and excitements of a general election. It is gratifying to myself, and doubtless equally so to all who were actively engaged in the late canvas, that there was so little manifestations of bitterness. The great debate was conducted with calmness as it was also with earnestness. For the kindness, and [illegible] of my political adversaries, I have to say that if they had voted for me from the same sense of duty which gave their ballots to my opponents, I could not be more firmly resolved than I am to be impartial and faithful in discharging the obligations I owe to them as Chief Executive of the Commonwealth. My political views and convictions will and ought, unquestionably, to influence and shape some of my official recommendations; but in protecting the constitutional and legal rights of the citizen no party distinction can ever for one moment be recognized.

—A Berks county thief stole a woman's false teeth.

—Blair county owns $100,000 worth of school property.

—The indications in Pittsburg are promising for a brisk manufacturing season.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has purchased the Somerset and Minersville Railroad.

—One hundred and fifty-six families throughout Mercer county are now receiving aid from the poor fund.

—The Titusville *Herald* figures out that during 1878 about $12,000,000 were lost in the petroleum trade of the State.

—In a village with a population of not over 200, in Crawford county, seventeen children died in one week with diphtheria.

—Two of the largest woollen mills in Chester county have suspended operations, causing much inconvenience to the operatives.

—David Russell was frozen to death, near Hebron, N. Y., a few days ago, while attempting to walk home from a neighbor's house, a distance of a mile.

—Quite a number of farmers throughout Dauphin, Cumberland and York counties are compelled to make sale of their stock, etc., in the spring, on account of their inability to rent farms for this year.

—Robert Anderson, on trial at Louisville, Ky., for the murder of his wife, has been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. He was convicted on the testimony of his little son, who saw the killing.

—The allegation that the Ohio Greenbackers are moving and again threatening to attack the Republicans, reminds the *Graphic* that Mary, Queen of Scots, winked at the executioner after her head was off.

—Last spring a train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad was thrown from the track on account of a freshet which undermined the track. The engine disappeared in the quicksand, and recently it was dug up forty-two feet beneath the surface.

—Geologists having reported that there is in Japan enough coal to produce a yearly yield equal to that of Great Britain for one thousand years, the Japanese Government has agreed to grant a loan of $1,500,000 for the purpose of working the mines.

—French engineers are discussing the practicability of a railway across the Desert of Sahara, and think that one can be built and maintained notwithstanding the heat and absence of water. The distance from Algiers to Timbuctoo, across the desert, is 1500 miles.

—Simkins refused to get his wife a new hat, and soon after his little daughter came in and said: "Mamma, won't you buy me a monkey to play with when you go down town?" "No, darling—wait till you are older, and then marry one, as I did!" replied the grief-stricken wife, her tears bursting forth afresh.

—A man with a rusty beard that ran down to a peak, and rusty hat that ran up to a peak, says the New York *Sun*, boarded a Long Island Railroad train at Mineola other afternoon, took a seat near the stove and fell into a gentle slumber. In a few minutes a brakemake opened the door and shouted: "Queens!" The slumbering passenger slightly shifted his position and muttered: "The pot's yours; I stand in on jacks."

☞ FACTORY FACTS.—Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column.

☞ A large stock of clocks will be sold at very low prices for cash, at A. E. Bayles' Jeweler and Practical Watchmaker, Mill street, between Wood and Pond streets, Bristol, Pa.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

☞ The largest and best assortment of Wall papers, New York and Philadelphia styles, in Bristol, also a choice selection of window shades. Window shades made and hung from 75 cents to $1.50. W. GRACE, Cedar Street, between Walnut and Franklin Streets, Bristol, Pa.

☞ Some people have such a reverence for the truth that they always keep at a respectable distance from it; this is not the case with Nekdt & Co's., Oleine Soap, when it is once used you will like it and use no other. Ask your grocer for it.

Bristol.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET.

BRISTOL, PA.

Will open to-day a full line of useful and Fancy Goods suitable for

HOLIDAY SALES,

To which I invite all to

COME AND SEE.

Parties in search of Staple Goods for Holiday presents, cannot fail to find upon our well filled shelves something to suit, at prices as low as can be found anywhere.

Dress Goods, in all their variety.
Domestic Dry Goods of all kinds.
Ladies' Coats and Shawls at all prices.
Ladies', Misses', and Children's furs.
Hand-knit Zephyr Goods for children's wear.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Put up in all conceivable styles from 6c. box to $5.00 box.

FANCY PERFUMERY BOXES, DRESSING CASES, WORK BOXES, LINEN PORTFOLIOS, HAND MIRRORS, POCKET BOOKS from 5cts., to $3.00.

And a thousand other things suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

For the gentlemen we have

HANDKERCHIEFS

In endless variety.

GLOVES OF ALL KINDS.

POCKET BOOKS, CIGAR CASES, SHOE-BLACKING CASES AND SETS, ETC.

To the boys and girls with their parents we would be glad to show our stock of.

DOLLS, TOYS.
DOLLS, TOYS.
DOLLS, TOYS.

CARRIAGES AND HORSES, TOOL CHESTS, SLEDS.

BOOKS FOR YOUTH.

All sorts of things to

MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

SILVER PLATED

AND

Fancy Glass Ware,

Table Cutlery, Castors,

Toilet Sets, Spoons,

Napkins Etc.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is full of stock for

HOLIDAY SALES.

FRUITS is great variety and fresh.

CANNED GOODS of all descriptions.

PICKLES in various styles.

POULTRY FRESH DAILY.

POULTRY FRESH DAILY.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONARY.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONERY.

NO SUCH STOCK

In quantity, quality, or variety, to be found in Bucks County.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous.

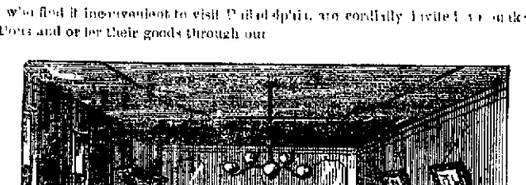
CHRISTMAS!

Each succeeding year makes plainer the fact that there is a rapidly growing taste for Holiday Gifts, combining usefulness with beauty and correct taste.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Have made very extensive preparations for supplying the prevailing taste and have now on daily exhibition the largest stock of useful and beautiful articles ever placed on sale in Philadelphia. An examination will convince any one that almost every department of the house contains articles more appropriate for Christmas offerings than gifts of silver or gold.

All who find it inconvenient to visit Philadelphia are cordially invited to examine selections and order their goods through our



MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Of late the business transacted through this Department has been so heavy as to necessitate the employment of additional help, but the perfect system in practice enables us to promptly answer every request for samples, and to fill at once every order in the most satisfactory manner.

Below we give a necessarily brief list of articles especially adapted for Holiday Gifts.

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.
HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS.
COLO'D BORDER HANDKERCHIEFS.
FANCY SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
HANDKERCHIEFS IN FANCY BOXES.
For Ladies, Gentleman and Children.
GENTLEMEN'S SILK AND CASHMERE MUFFLERS.
LADIES' EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND CUFFS.
LADIES NECKTIES AND BOWS.
RUFFLING AND SCARFS.
GENT'S NECKWEAR OF EVERY STYLE.
FANCY HOSIERY.
SILK HOSIERY.
UNDERWEAR IN SILK, WOOL CASHMERE AND MERINO.
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
GENTS COLLARS AND CUFFS.
INDIA AND PAISLEY SHAWLS.
LADIES' COATS AND SUITS.
CHILDRENS' COATS AND SUITS.
BOYS' CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS.
INFANTS OUTFITS.
NOVELTIES IN SKIRTS.
PIANO, TABLE AND ORGAN COVERS.
FINE DAMASK TABLE COVERS.
NAPKINS TO MATCH.
TOILET REQUISITES.
BLANKETS AND QUILTS.
EIDERDOWN QUILTS.
CARRIAGE LAP ROBES.
SILK UMBRELLAS.
JAPANESE LACQUER GOODS.
CELLULOID TOILET SETS.
POCKET BOOKS.
WRIST WARMERS.
GLOVES OF ALL KINDS.
FANS, ETC.
SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS.
DRESS GOODS.
PRINTS AND CRETONNES.

&c., &c., &c.

TWENTY-FIVE CASES

Twenty-Five Cent Dress Goods,

Especially Adapted for Christmas Presents.

Our greatly enlarged store room, this season, enables us to comfortably accommodate the many hundreds of our customers who may have heretofore found difficulty in getting waited upon at our crowded counters.

The price of everything is guaranteed to be absolutely the lowest.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. Corner Eighth & Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

COOK & JAQUES,

STATE STREET, Trenton, N. J.

Have a Fine Selection of Choice Cameo, Pearl, Onyx and Amethyst Rings. Diamond and 18K Plain Engagement Rings. Stone-Cameo Lockets for Ladies and Gents, Mosaic Pins, Crosses and Lockets. Opera, Matinee and Chatelain Chains. Gold and Plated Vest Chains.

STERLING SILVER And COIN SILVER Spoons, Forks, etc.

Various articles for WEDDING PRESENTS, in Bronze and Silver. All the new styles of Buttons and studs.

The **Agents direct** for the sale of all brands of of American WATCHES. Watch-cases made to suit customers in design. We sell all the finest brands of Foreign Watches for Ladies and Gents. All kinds of *FINE WATCH REPAIRING* done in the store. Agents for the ARUNDEL TINTED EYE-GLASSES AND SPECTACLES.

COOK & JAQUES, 41 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

Are the Leading Jewelers.

IVINS & BROTHER,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Furniture, Bedding and Feathers,

Nos. 64, 66 & 68 North Second, Near Arch Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

W. J. HEISS BRO. & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Girard Avenue and Front Street, Philadelphia

FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

PURSELL'S

POROUS

PLASTERS.

Always Fresh,
Adhere Well,
Relieve Quickly,
Good for Lumbago,
Pain in the Lungs,
Rheumatism.

Price 20 Cents.

S. W. CORNER MILL AND CEDAR STS.,

Bristol, Pa.

Seven Per Cent. Investment at Par.

FOR SALE. STOCK IN THE BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. Pays quarterly dividends at the rate of Seven per cent. per annum, with almost absolute security. The investment is entirely in real estate of the most substantial character, and at the present low cost of building, the value of which every stockholder is capable to judge.

It is not possible to find any other investment yielding so large a return at so little risk.

JOSHUA PEIRCE.

Notice.

AS I have been compelled to vacate the premises No. 23 Mill Street, which I have occupied as a BAKERY, I have secured the premises on MILL STREET, opposite A. L. Packer's Flour and Feed Store, where I intend carrying on the Baking business. Thanking the public kindly for their past patronage, I hope by proper attention to business to receive a continuance of the same. Yours respectfully, A. K. HOFF.

N. B.—All orders received at the store, or by the carriers, or through the mail, will be promptly attended to. 190

$1500. For Sale.

A VERY desirable first-mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars, with Interest payable semi-annually. JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Sale.

HOUSES of every size and description. Terms of payment very liberal. JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Sale.

A NO. 8 Universe Cooking Stove. The best in the market. Apply at this office.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette.

Thursday, January 23, 1879.

SORTS.

—The horses would be thankful if a general thaw would take place.

—The Doylestown *Democrat* looks with disfavor upon the scheme to annex Byberry and Moreland to this county.

—Prof. Edward Busch will shortly remove to Savannah, Georgia, to take charge of an orchestra there.

—Why cannot Bristol have letter boxes in localities distant from the post office? Doylestown has one in front of the Court House.

—The Temperance Lyceum will meet next Tuesday evening. The Hulmeville paper is mistaken in saying it met last Tuesday evening.

—L. H. Willard arrived in Bristol yesterday, to be ready to resume his old position of Superintendent of Hughes' Mill when it begins running again.

—William Kinsey, who is a prominent member of Hopkins' Lodge, I. O. O. F., is a candidate for the office of Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

—Extra meetings are still kept up at the Methodist Church. The local brethren do most of the speaking, the pastor, Dr. Cunningham, not preaching except Sundays.

—Prof. Alfred Sardou, of Philadelphia, will, next Monday morning, at half past ten o'clock, open an elementary conversational French class in the room over the GAZETTE office. The trial lesson will be free.

—An applicant from Burlington applied to the Relief Society for aid, and was nearly successful in proving himself a resident of Bristol. The imposture was discovered however, and the man instructed as to the location of Burlington.

—Thieves still manage to break through and steal, and for this reason twenty dollars which Charles Cole had, he has no longer, as somebody on Saturday night entered his residence, corner of Pond and Walnut streets, and borrowed the money without asking the owner's permission.

—A call has been issued for a meeting of the Republicans of this borough, at Cabeen's Hall, next Monday evening, to consider what rules and regulations shall be adopted for the government of the party under the changes which the division of the town into wards will make necessary.

—The papers of the county, with probably the exception of the *Mirror*, seem to be convinced that William Kinsey, as Director of the Poor, is the right man in the right place. A Director of the Poor appears to be "a biger man" than the Sheriff, judging by the attention paid by the newspapers to Almshouse affairs.

—A vigilance committee for the extermination of chicken killing dogs seems to have been organized in the Second Ward. Armed men, after midnight on Sunday, by the glare of lanterns, sought the dogs to kill them. They found them not, but nevertheless, they were sacrificed the next day. Gone to meet their chicken victims.

—There will be several changes in the neighborhood of Nathan Tyler's property on Mill street. Morton A. Walmsley will vacate the corner store, which has been leased by Groff & Co., A. K. Hoff will remove to Wood street, where he will continue in his present business, and the place he leaves will be used as a wholesale tobacco and cigar store.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have at last done what they should have done long ago. They have made their excursion tickets good for two days. Passengers can now purchase excursion tickets for Philadelphia one day and return upon them the next day, and when bought on Saturday the tickets are good for returning on Monday.

—The Hon. Caleb N. Taylor has a novel plan for a solution of the Alms House problem. His proposition is that the county shall dispose of the Alms House property, in whatever manner it sees fit, and board its inmates at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. He says it would be a saving to the county. No doubt it would prove satisfactory to the residents of the Alms House.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday, January 23, 1879: Mrs. E. Cornish, John Garey, Maggie Galligan, Rosa Haley, Harriet Hellings, James Harple, Mrs. Mary Johnson, Alfred Johnson, Jacob Krietcher, Mrs. Aaron Knight, Wm. LaRue, James Longworth Bridget Martin, Thomas Moose, James E. Magill. Patrick McDowell, Mrs. Harvey McDowell, Miriam McGowan, Mrs. Eliza Phillips, Abbie Schofield, Mary Sipe, Mrs. Mary Simons, Wm. Slimm, Frank Smith, Charles Smith, H. E. VanSyckel.

—Miss Susan S. Douglass, whose funeral took place yesterday, was one of those estimable women who are only too few in every community. Possessed of a kind heart and a philanthropic disposition she delighted in seeking out and ministering to cases of distress, wherever found, and many of our towns-people can testify to her cheerful presence and kind attentions when disease and death were within their dwellings. Her charity was widely dispensed, but it so unostentatiously that few beside the recipients were aware of its scope. An earnest and energetic member of the Episcopal Church, she took especial interest in and contributed largely toward the erection of the new chapel, and was also a regular attendant and constant worker in the Buckley Street Mission school. During the rebellion, Miss Douglass took a prominent part in forwarding hospital supplies, and as soon as the first instalment of sick and wounded soldiers was received at White Hall Hospital she was found among them with the many little delicacies which she knew would be needed. Continuing faithfully to labor for the alleviation of their sufferings while the hospital was in existence, she proved an efficient aid to the medical staff, and so highly did the soldiers appreciate her benevolent efforts that a suitable testimonial was prepared and presented to her, and many thankful letters were received from relatives and friends of convalescents who had, through her instrumentality, been enabled to return to their homes and kindred.

—All the shoes worn by United States soldiers are made at the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The Bristol Improvement Company.

The annual meeting of the Bristol Improvement Company was held on Tuesday afternoon, at the office of the company, in the Livingston Mills. The following gentlemen were elected directors to serve the ensuing year: Joshua Peirce, Wm. H. Grundy, Robt. W. Rogers, Chas. W. Peirce, Jr., and C. E. Scheide. The officers elected were Joshua Peirce, President; Charles E. Scheide, Secretary; and Chas. W. Peirce, Jr., Treasurer. The annual report was as follows:

To the Stockholders of the Bristol Improvement Company: By reason of the absorption of the entire amount of the capital stock at the date of the last report, the operations of the company have been upon a limited scale during the past year. It was hoped and expected that other manufacturing establishments would locate in Bristol under the auspices of this company, and that an increase of the capital stock would have been necessary; but although several responsible and desirable concerns intimated that they would like to effect a change from their present point of manufacture, the times were so unpropitious they deemed it the part of prudence to remain where they are rather than subject themselves to the extra expenditure involved in removal. Should general business revive, there is no doubt the operations of the company can be largely extended in affording first class buildings and facilities to good responsible manufacturers, at a profit to the shareholders. In the meantime, the Board have given their attention to enlarging the facilities of those already occupying the properties of the company, so far as means would allow, and still maintain the usual seven per cent. dividend for the stockholders.

The power originally placed in the worsted mills proving insufficient for the necessities of Messrs. Grundy Bros. & Campion, early in the spring they placed a large additional engine and boiler, pumps and other machinery, rendering an addition to the engine house necessary, which was erected by the company at an expense of over $1,500. For this expenditure the usual rental is charged.

During the summer, the refuse from these mills escaping into Adams' Hollow Creek, became an annoyance to some of the citizens, who petitioned the borough authorities praying for its abatement. Nothing was done in the matter, however, until November, when the Board decided to lay a terra-cotta drain from the worsted mills down Canal street into the ditch which carries off the refuse of the Livingston Mills, and the nuisance complained of has thus been abated. The cost of this drain is $134.26.

A sky-light has been placed in the roof of the Keystone Mill. The cupola of the iron foundry being nearly used up and of insufficient capacity for the use of the lessee, a larger and more modern cupola was ordered to replace it. This has not yet been placed in position. Its cost thus far has been $185, and on completion will probably cost the company $400. The usual rental will be paid upon this outlay.

The condition of the company at this date is as follows:

ASSETS.		
Bristol Worsted Mills	$45,666.61	
Keystone Mill	9,627 44	
Bristol Iron Foundry	7,142 51	$62,886.50
Main Line Water Pipe	463 20	
Warehouse, Tools and Implements	211.58	
Drain account	134 26	
Cash on hand	102 90	
		$63,248.59
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock	$60,000.00	
Bills payable	1,591.87	
Due to sundry accounts	374 23	
Surplus	1,282 46	
		$63,248.56

Respectfully submitted,
CHAS. E. SCHEIDE, Sec'y.

Bristol Institute.

The Bristol Institute met on Tuesday evening, and the room was pretty well crowded. The programme was quite a long one, but was anything but wearisome. The first exercise was a piano duet by Miss Lizzie Parry and Miss Fannie Rink, whom Mrs. J. M. Callanan secured to take her place upon the programme. Miss Carrie Laing read a biographical sketch of Mrs. Browning; Miss Annie W. Pray gave a piano solo, "Twilight;" Miss Peck read an essay upon "The Spectroscope;" and Prof. Sooy sang a solo, "Sleep Well," with Miss Ada Sulger, of Trenton, as accompanyist upon the piano. This was encored, and responding, Mr. Sooy sang a nautical song, entitled "The Tar's Farewell." Hiram Reed, Esq., of Philadelphia, but who is now very well known by Bristol people, read Mark Twain's speech delivered at the Whittier banquet, and an extract from "Innocents Abroad," while with Miss White and Miss Clark, two ladies who accompanied him, to assist, portions of the comedy of "The Honeymoon" were given, as well as the quarrel scene between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, in the play of "The School for Scandal." Mr. Reed also read the description of the death of "Little Joe" from "Bleak House." These were received with applause by the audience, and a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Reed and his friends for their kindness in favoring the Institute with their entertaining readings. A piano solo by Miss May D. Wright concluded the exercises, after which the meeting adjourned.

—There is another change in the ownership of the *Langhorne Beacon*, which in its short life has had many vicissitudes. Yesterday it was sold at Sheriff's sale, and bought by Thomas Eastburn, the only bidder, for $600. What he proposes to do with it is yet to be learned, but as an advertising medium for the sale of building lots in the "Eden of Bucks County," it may secure a large, if not a paying, circulation.

—The young men in northern Pennsylvania, where the snow comes to spend the winter, declare that but for the happiness of rides in sleighs large enough to accommodate two, and only two, winter would be a dreary season indeed. The young ladies are of the same thinking.

—Chief-Clerk Wunder, of the Philadelphia Post-Office, by next spring will have passed thirty years in the service with which he has so long and satisfactorily been connected. Mr. Wunder was appointed to a subordinate post in the Philadelphia office when Mr. W. J. P. White was postmaster, and has steadily worked his way up to his present responsible position.

—A clerk in a Denver grocery store, stole provisions to send to the workmen in a mine that he partly owned. He had recently married, and bore an excellent reputation, so the exposure of the crime was a stunning blow. He begged the officer who made the arrest to let him stay at home until morning. The officer complied, and in the night the prisoner and his wife committed suicide with laudanum.

—During the late cold snap many of the hillside streets in Allegheny and Pittsburg became coated with ice, which rendered travel impossible. Within two weeks four boys and a young girl have been killed from accidents received while coasting, and six have been maimed for life, and no end of others more or less seriously injured. The Mayors of the two cities are doing their best to stop the coasting.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Is there no way of measuring the lip of man before marriage? It seems not, for a young woman who was married in Westfield, Mass., only two weeks ago, has applied for a divorce on the ground that her husband has thick lips. Why let the strucken deer go weep?

—The College Church and the First Reformed Church, of Lancaster, are about to hold a chess tournament at the Opera House. The board will be drawn upon the floor, with squares of red and white cloth, some two feet square, and upon these squares the ladies and gentlemen will take position.

—A French physician asserts that he has discovered a soporific whose effects can be exactly limited to the time required. This will, he says, enable travellers to sleep comfortably during a journey. He measures his doses by miles, and the tourist can dose himself to sleep for just as many miles as he pleases.

—A good retort is very like the shock of a bullet, and is sometimes pretty nearly as fatal. A lawyer once rushed up to Jerrold in the street and said, with a flushed face, "Mr. Jerrold, I've just met a scoundrelly barrister." Mr. Jerrold looked at him with a bland smile and simply answered, "What a coincidence!"

—The S. P. C. A. apparently has no call to go to Georgia. A colored engineer on a train in that State saw a cow on the track, the other day, whereupon he stopped the train, got out with a shovel in his hand, and striking the beast on the back, yelled: "Git off dar, d'ye heah? Git off or I'll squirt steam all over yer."

—The venerable wife of a celebrated physician one day, casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed: "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions. It appears so much like a tailor carrying home his work!"

—The man who put ashes upon his pavement the past week, has been alternately blessed and "anti-blessed. Persons who have been prevented from slipping and breaking their necks, have showered the blessings, while imprecations have been lavishly used by people into whose houses the ashes have been tracked.

—In an Erie, Pa., street car, on Saturday, a woman, presumably from the country, brought a smile to the male passengers' faces and a blush to the cheeks of the ladies by changing her stockings right then and there. She claimed that a woman had some rights she could assert in a street car as well as at other places.

—On Thursday night last the President of the Republic of France, at the Palace of the Elysee, gave a magnificent entertainment in honor of General Grant. Members of the Cabinet and the American Minister General Noyes, and a number of distinguished members of the diplomatic corps were present. It was a very grand and gratifying affair.

—It is a remarkable fact that from 1789 down to the present time—a period of ninety years—the post of Secretary of the Senate of the United States has been held by but six persons. Massachusetts and New Hampshire furnished the Secretaries from 1789 to 1825, or thirty-six years; Pennsylvania from 1825 to 1868, or forty-three years and; California since 1868, with Gorman, the present incumbent.

—The Union Cotton Press Co.'s work were destroyed by fire at Charleston S. C., on the 1st inst., with 10,121 bails of cotton. The estimated loss is over $500,000, most of which was fully insured. The fire was the work of an incendiary. A man was hailed by the watchman a few moments before the fire was discovered, running from the place where the fire started. The watchman fired at him, but he escaped.

—John Dalzell, Esq., of Pittsburg, has notified Wilson McCandless, administrator of the estate of R. W. Mackey that the will of the latter would shortly be contested, and that the contestant is the lawful wife of the great leader, and is mother of two children, one of whom is said to be 19 years of age. This information comes from a reliable source, and is certainly startling if true as Mackey was never known to be married. The alleged wife is said to reside in Pittsburg.

—The jury in the case of Mrs. Kate M. Cobb, on trial at Norwich, Conn., for poisoning her husband, brought in a verdict of murder in second degree on Thursday night. She was sentenced to imprisonment for life. In receiving the sentence she showed no emotion except when the judge alluded to her "worse than orphaned child," when she colored up for a moment. Her counsel moved for a new trial, and ten days were allowed to perfect the motion. Mrs. Cobb asserts that she is innocent of the crime of which she has been convicted.

FUTURE EXECUTIONS IN JERSEY.—A bill has been introduced in the Senate, by Hon. Mr. Hobart, for Hon W. J. Sewell, which provides that, hereafter when a person is convicted of murder in the first degree, and the sentence of death is pronounced, it shall be the duty of the court to appoint twelve men, two of whom must be respectable physicians, to act as jurors, who with twelve deputies appointed by the Sheriff, shall alone witness the hanging. This bill was prepared in Camden immediately after the execution of Hunter, and, it is believed, will become a law.

—The New York *Tribune* says: "A correspondent, who informs us in a private note that he has lived thirty-seven years in the extreme South, before and since the war, writes an indignant letter on the numerous murders and other acts of violence committed in that section for political reasons, and asks: 'Is there any law in the White House or out of it, among Attorneys, Judges, Legislatures, Governors or Cabinets, Attorney-Generals or United States Marshals, that can bring these atrocities to an end?' Our friend complains that little or no result has followed from the investigation of these crimes, and the publication of voluminous Government reports upon them; and he apparently believes that the Federal authorities are guilty of unpardonable negligence."

☞"When the swallows homeward fly," then is the time when coughs and colds begin to appear. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures every case.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

☞Communications intended for this column must be addressed to "Children's Editor," GAZETTE Office, Bristol.

It has been said that in the mind of the average American College boy, a high hat and a cane are adjuncts as necessary to his graduation as his diploma! But of course this is not so! Some envious Englishman who had never been to college, or to whom a high hat was unbecoming, very probably made this remark out of jealous spite, and it is not worth anyone's serious consideration. At any rate the little animal that furnishes the material to *make* the hat, is of more importance just now to us, who have already graduated, or who do not mean to graduate at all! The little fellow works hard to get his living—he is very industrious, and in that *one* respect at least his importance is considerably greater than that of any idle school or college boy, who may in the time to come, take pride in covering a well brushed pate with his glossy skin. Of course boys, I am talking about the Beaver—and this week according to promise, I want to tell you something about his home and the way he makes it. Perhaps you think you know all about the Beaver. But let me tell you one thing! *You don't know much*, unless you have seen him at work, or read an account of some one who has. In the first place we know that the little fellows cannot get along without water, and we read that long before millers ever invented dams, or before men learned to grind corn, the *Beaver* could make a dam, and insure for itself a constant supply of water. I am going to give here an account furnished by a gentleman who has seen the *Beaver* at work, and who, consequently knows all about it. But before doing so, I must remind you that this animal has a broad flat tail, shaped like a trowel, and a pair of hind feet, constructed much like human hands, besides teeth like little chisels. These are his tools, and as you see, they are very good ones for burrowing and building. "When the animal has fixed upon a tree which it believes to be suitable for its purpose, it begins by sitting upright, and with its chisel-like teeth, cutting a bold groove completely round the trunk. It then widens the groove, and always makes it wide in exact proportion to its depth, so that when the tree is nearly cut through, it looks like the contracted portion of an hour-glass. When this stage has been reached the Beaver looks anxiously at the tree, and views it on every side, as if trying to measure the direction in which it is to fall. Having settled this question it goes to the opposite side of the tree, and with two or three powerful bites cuts away the wood so that the tree becomes over balanced and falls to the ground. This point reached, the animal proceeds to cut up the fallen trunk into lengths, usually a yard or so long, employing a similar method of severing the wood. In consequence of this method of gnawing, both ends of the logs are rounded and rather pointed. The dam is by no means placed at random in the stream, just where a few logs may have happened to lodge, but is set exactly where it is wanted, and is made so as to suit the force of the current. In those places where the stream runs slowly the dam is carried straight across the river, but where the water has much power the barrier is made in a convex shape, so as to resist the force of the rushing water. The power of the stream can therefore always be inferred from the shape of the dam which the Beavers have built across it. Some of these structures are of very great size, measuring two or three hundreds of yards in length, and ten or twelve feet in thickness, and their form exactly corresponds with the force of the stream. The Beaver makes his house close to the water, and goes in and out by means of an underground passage, one end of which passes into the house or "lodge" as it is called, and the other into the water, so far below the surface that it cannot be closed by ice. It is therefore always possible for the Beaver to gain access to the provision stores, and to return to his house without being seen from the land. The "lodges" are nearly round and much resemble the snow houses of the Esquimaux, being dammed, and half as high as they are wide, the average height being three feet, and the diameter six or seven feet. These are the inside measurements, the outside being greater on account of the great thickness of the walls, which are continually strengthened with mud and branches, so that during the severe frosts they are nearly as hard as solid stone. Each "lodge" will accommodate several individuals, whose beds are arranged round the walls. Generally the Beavers desert their homes in the summer time, although one or two of their houses may be occupied by a mother and her young offspring. All the old Beavers who have no domestic ties to chain them at home, take to the water and swim up and down the stream until the month of August, when they return to their homes."

There is a lesson to be learned from the Beaver, boys, if you choose to see it. And it is this. They are not only social in their habits—liking to live near each other for companionship—but they are industrious, and so far as we can see unselfish with each other. Each animal joining in the work which is for the general good, and not after finishing his own house walking away to enjoy it careless of the help the others may need.

I believe there were once a few of these animals at work in some of the water around Bristol. But this must have been long ago, and before so many people came to frighten them away. At any rate we are told they *were* here when the winters were much longer and colder than we have them now.

—Barclay J. Smith has again been heard from. The open letter of Messrs. Satterthwaite, Ellis and Rogers, sent to Barclay at Helena, Montana, was duly received by him, but he declines to come on at this time on account of "business complications." It is evident that he has secured the sympathy of the press, people and officials of Helena. The open letter above mentioned was taken to two daily newspaper offices, and its insertion asked for on the ground that they had published Barclay's letter. Its publication was refused at both offices, even when the offer was made to pay for it at the regular advertising rates.

—When the body of a man who was killed at the Broadway fire in New York last week was taken to his home, his wife at sight of it fell down and immediately expired. They leave four small children.

Philadelphia Markets.

FLOUR.—The Flour market is dull and rather lower than at our last report. Sales of extras at $3.50 to 4, extra family $4.50 to 4 75, and fancy brands $7.75 to 8. Rye Flour $2.75 to 2.87. Corn Meal $2 65 to $2.60. Bran $15 per ton.

GRAIN.—The Wheat Market is rather dull, but prices remain about the same as last week. Sales of red and amber at $1.06 to 1 07, and white from 1.07 to 1.08. Rye 56 to 57c. Corn 41 to 44½c. Oats, mixed, 28 to 29c., good white 31 to 32c., and choice white 32½c.

SEEDS.—Clover 6 to 6½c. per lb. In Timothy there is nothing doing; Flax $1.37 per bushel

PROVISIONS.—Mess Pork $8.75 to 9 per bbl.; Bacon Hams 7½ to 8c per pound. Sides 5½ to 6½c., and Shoulders 5c. Lard, 6½ to 6½c. Dressed hogs, $3 50 to 4.25. Butter, creamery extra 26 to 28c., do. firsts, 21 to 21c. State tubs, choice, 21 to 23c., do. firsts, 18 to 20c., Western choice, 18 to 20. Cheese, New York factory, 8½ to 9½c; fair to good, 8½ to 8½c., Western, choice, 8 to 8½c. do. fair to good, 7 to 8c. Eggs, strictly fresh 33 to 35c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Beef cattle were in demand this week, and price were a fraction higher. 1700 head sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 3½a6¼c, and 1600 head at the North Philadelphia Drove Yard, at 4a5½c. per pound as condition. Sheep were in fair demand, 4000 head sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 3½a5½c., and 1800 head at the North Philadelphia Drove Yard at 4½a4½c per pound. Hogs were rather firmer, 3800 head sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 4a5½c., and 2800 head at the North Philadelphia Drove Yard 4a5½c., per pound, as to quality.

Hay and Straw.

During the past week there were 350 loads of hay and 36 of straw weighed and sold at the Farmers' Market, at the following prices; Prime Timothy per 100 pounds, 65a75c; mixed, 45a60c Straw, 66a70c.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St., Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.
Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 1 Wall St., N. Y

New Advertisements.

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS from the most reliable growers. Onion Sets, &c.
J. W. CORNELL & Co'S.,
Seed and Implement Warehouse,
25 N. Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
☞Dealers in everything pertaining to the Farm and Garden

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following named persons have filed in the Office of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the county of Bucks, with the Clerk thereof, their petitions for License, agreeable to the provisions of an Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to repeal an Act to permit the voters of this Commonwealth to vote every three years on the question of granting license to sell Intoxicating Liquors, and to restrain and regulate the sale of the same." And that the subjoined list contains the names of said persons, their respective residences, and kind of License; and that the said petitions will be presented to said Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, on SATURDAY, the EIGHTH day of FEBRUARY, A. D. 1879:

Name.	*Residence.*	*Kind of License.*
J. Wilson Closson	Bristol Borough	Hotel
Benj. Worthington	Hulmeville Bor.	"
Charles Zenneck	Doylestown Bor.	Restaurant.
David Firman	"	"
Josiah DeCoursey	Lower Makefield	Hotel.
Aaron Slack	"	"
Charlotte Sellers	Nockamixon	"
Issachar Ettenger	Newtown Borough	"
Abel K. Young	Hilltown	"

EUGENE HIGHLAND, Clerk.
Sessions' Office, Doylestown, January 18, 1879.

The Art of Learning French

With Conversational Fluency.

IDIOMATIC ORAL SYSTEM.

No Grammar.

PROF. ALFRED SARDOU, of Philadelphia, will open an elementary conversational class in Bristol, Washington Hall, on Monday, January 27th, at 10½ A. M. **Trial lesson free.** Terms $7.00 for the course.

Do not waste your time pouring over grammars, and writing senseless exercises, in the vain hope of learning French. Ladies are especially invited to attend the first lesson.

ATTENTION REPUBLICANS.

A Meeting of the Voters of the

Republican Party

Of the Borough of Bristol will be held

AT CABEEN'S HALL,

In said Borough, upon

Monday Evening, Jan. 27th,

At 7½ o'clock, for the purpose of making the rules and regulations for the future government of the Party, now made necessary by the division of the Borough into Wards

A full attendance of all persons who voted the Republican ticket at the last general election is earnestly requested. By order of the
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE WEEKLY PRESS.

A COMPLETE POLITICAL, COMMERCIAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

GENERAL NEWS DEPARTMENT.—As heretofore, THE WEEKLY PRESS will publish the latest Associated Press dispatches from all parts of the world, and in addition, will contain special telegraphic news from our own correspondents in all sections of the Union.

STATE NEWS DEPARTMENT.—Our State Department, which has attracted so much attention and been so warmly received during the past year, will be greatly improved for 1879, and all events of importance will be faithfully chronicled by correspondents in every city, town and hamlet in this Commonwealth. This feature will be fully appreciated not only by Pennsylvania readers, but by others who formerly resided in this State.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.—Arrangements have been completed for the receipt of weekly letters from New York, Boston, Washington and other cities, and our numerous correspondents in the West and on the Pacific Coast will continue their intersting contributions. Our regular European letters will also be a prominent feature of THE WEEKLY PRESS for the coming year, several distinguished writers having recently been added to our already large staff.

INCIDENTS OF CITY LIFE.—This always interesting department will be greatly extended, and is to include, in addition to the regular head news, special articles to be furnished by the best descriptive writers on the city staff. All phases of life in a great metropolis will be reflected in this department, and should prove both entertaining and instructive.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.—The Literary Department of THE WEEKLY PRESS will be under the control of Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, Literary Critic of THE PRESS, who will be aided in the miscellaneous selections by experienced members of the editorial corps. Our aim will be to furnish the very best original and selected matter that can be obtained, such as stories, poems, sketches, etc., etc., thus giving many columns of matter of interest to all classes of readers.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.—Mr. Thomas Meehan, the editor of this well-known and very valuable department of THE WEEKLY PRESS, will remain in charge during the coming year, and the mere statement of this fact will be sufficient to commend this journal to all who are engaged in agricultural pursuits.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.—Nearly all classes of readers will find our Financial and Commercial reports of inestimable value in their business relations, for this news can always be relied upon as unbiased and authoritative. The farmer, the manufacturer and the merchant can not afford to be in ignorance of events constantly occurring in the business world, and to them the information given by the WEEKLY PRESS is a necessity. Our quotations are always the very latest that can be obtained, and are telegraphed from all the business centres of the world.

OUR LITTLE PEOPLE.—Since this department was started we have received many letters of congratulation from both parents and children, and in the future this feature will be made more prominent than in the past. It is to be placed in charge of a talented lady, whose love for the little folks can not fail to guide her hand aright in the selection of their weekly feast. The Puzzler's Realm, which has proved so popular, will remain in charge of its well-known editor, Mr. Wm. H. Graffam, of West Scarboro, Maine.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.—It will be seen that not only one page, but the entire paper, will be carefully edited, and nothing that could possibly add to the value of the journal will be omitted. The editorial page, proper, will include leading articles on all the current topics of the hour, and though THE PRESS is Republican in principle, it will be found that in great questions its influence will ever be cast in favor of the right, irrespective of partisan or other influence.

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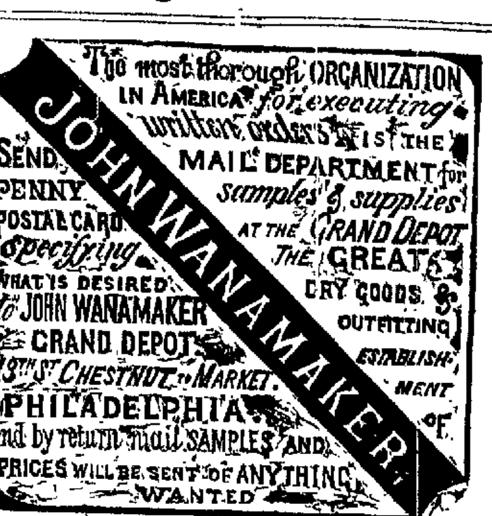
Miscellaneous.



CLOAKS.

Our success in filling the wants of those wanting an outside covering is not one of luck, but of study, constant inquiry and long experience in the making as well as selling these garments. No part of our house requires such untiring watchfulness, no kind of merchandise is so worthless when out of style, as a cloak—no department is more active in the season of selling.

The materials used this season are Diagonals, in various widths, Matelasse, Fur Back Beavers, Silk Matelasses and Plain Silks; also, a rough-faced material called Camel's Hair, which is now, but not very pleasing to the eye.

The articles used for Trimings are Velvet, Gros Grain, Grass Fringe, Fancy Gimps and Braids.

As to shapes, the new things are the Mantle order, but with a sleeve much more comfortable and ... the general effect, too, is more graceful and pleasing. The Sacque, though, retains its old popularity, and is bound to be the leader with the majority. In shape it differs very little from last season.

Having sizes ranging from 28 in. breast to 46 in. we can fit almost any one from our ready-made stock; the extra large sizes being constantly on hand, as well as those suitable for misses. Prices $5.00 and upward.

Children's Cloaks, from the smallest sizes up, have our best attention. They are made of Blue and Brown Beaver, Matelasse and Fancy Cloths, and cost from $4.00 upward.

SHAWLS.

The great variety of styles, materials, colors and weights wanted in a Shawl for different seasons and occasions, requires a most extensive stock to be able to suit even a majority of consumers. We are in condition now to suit *more* than a majority, having the greatest collection of staples, as well as novelties, in this line ever shown in Philadelphia—including even the rich fabrics of India, where years are often occupied in producing one shawl.

No department has received more personal attention than the Shawls, the buyer having visited Europe during the summer, and not only bought very largely of ready-made, but ordered made many styles which could not be procured otherwise. Those having a taste for the novel as well as beautiful in Shawls, should look through our collection.

Square Blanket Shawls	$2 50 to	$3 50
Long Blanket Shawls	4 50 to	8 00
French Square Shawls		
French Long Shawls		
Broche quare Shawls	8 00 to	15 00
Broche Long Shawls	5 00 to	25 00
	10 00 to	150 00

Imitation India Shawls. **Imitation Stripe Indias.**
English Beaver Shawls. **American Beaver Shawls.**
Himalayan Shawls.

Real India Shawls	$10 00 to	$750 00
Antique India Shawls	100 00 to	850 00

Open Centre Indias. **White Chudda Shawls.**
Black Chudda Shawls. **Scarlet Chudda Shawls.**
Blue Chudda Shawls.

Black Cashmere Shawls	$3 00 to	$7 50
Black Merino Shawls	4 00 to	35 00

Children's and Misses' Shawls. **Novelties in English Shawls.**
Novelties in French Shawls. **Novelties in American Shawls.**
Novelties in India Shawls **Shetland Shawls, all colors.**
Friends' Bound Shawls. **Friends' Silk Shawls.**
Friends' Merino Shawls. **Friends' Beaver Shawls.**
Friends' Blanket Shawls.

COOPER & CONARD

MANUFACTURERS OF CLOAKS,

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS OF

Shawls, Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Gloves, Woollens, Cottons, Linens, Ladies', Gents' and Children's Underwear, &c., &c.

South-East Corner Market & Ninth Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

GREAT REDUCTION

—IN PRICES—

AT J. H. BOSTWICK'S VARIETY STORE.

For three months I will sell a large portion of my stock at cost, and many things much below.

My object is to materially change my stock, many articles I shall cease to keep, and introduce more saleable goods. I want to sell off my

TWINE, BASKETS,

HAND TRUNKS,

CARPET BAGS,

BRACKETS,

TOWEL RACKS,

TABLE CUTLERY (very fine)

CHROMOS,

STEREOPTIC PICTURES,

BOOKS (except school),

Toys, and a thousand other things I can't mention. I mean just what I say, and now is your time to buy.

J. H. Bostwick.

Bristol, Jan. 13, 1879.

Notice.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the Commercial Insurance Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of business, will be held at its office, No. 44 Mill Street, on Thursday, January 30, 1879, at 2 o'clock P. M.
E. G. HARRISON, Secretary.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County.

BRISTOL, PA., First Mo. 14th, 1879.

AT an election for Directors, held this day the following persons ere duly elected for the ensuing year: Stacy Brown, Caleb N. Taylor, Anthony Swain, Pierson Mitchell, Edward Thomas, Charles Moon, Louis A. Hoguet, Isaac Comly, Ellwood Burton.

And at a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Caleb N. Taylor was unanimously re-elected President.
C. T. IREDELL, Cashier.

Partner Wanted.

A MICHIGAN MAN, owning the "Leesylvania Farm," 27 miles (and but one hour's ride) from Washington, on the Alexandria & Fredricksburg R. R., (and on the Potomac River) containing 700 acres, 500 under cultivation, and 200 of it in grass; well watered and healthy, with all necessary buildings and conveniences, desires a partner having from $1,000 to $1500, to take charge of the business. A rare opportunity offered for profit. 50 tons of hay and 40 acres of rye for early pasture in the ground. The Washington Market, unsurpassed for good milk. Address at once,
E. M. WILLIS, Freestone, Va.
Refer to W. W. Keefer, Esq., or C. O. Baird, 1416 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

NEW YORK DIVISION.

Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, 7:08, 7:35, 8:24, 9:24 A. M. 12:26, 3:40, 5:58, and 7:21, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:53 A. M., and 1:10, 3:09, 7:04 and 9:56 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:26, and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 7:04 and 9:56 P. M.

For New York.

At 1:16, 7:37, 9:12, and 11:43 A. M., 2:39, 6:10, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:13 A. M., and 8:10 P. M.

For Trenton.

At 8:23, 9:13, 11:09, and 11:43 A. M., 2:39, 2:53, 4:48, 5:24, 6:12, 6:19, 7:05, 7:44, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:13 9:53, A. M. and 2:53, 8:10, P. M.

☞The 8.23, 11.09, 11.43, A. M., 2.53, 4.48, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Trenton.

At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:09, and 10:14 A. M., 12:00 M., 12:52, 2:50, 3:20, 5:30, 6:45 6:55, and 9:35 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, 5:00, 6:45, and 9:35 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:40, and 10:15 A. M. 2:10, 4:10, 4:40, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.

From New York.

At 7:25, 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 4:55, and 7:35 P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.

Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M. and 12.55 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager,
L. P. FARMER, Gen. Pass. Agent
F. W. JACKSON,
60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

Announcement.

WILLIAM LOUDERBOUGH is a candidate for Constable of the Third Ward, and for High Constable of Bristol Borough, subject to Republican Rules.

For Rent.

SEVERAL small stone houses on Lafayette Street, and one ten-room house on Derrance Street.
JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Sale.

THE Large THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE at the north corner of RADCLIFFE AND PENN Sts., containing 12 rooms. It is beautifully located—second to none in Bristol—well built, nearly new and conveniently arranged throughout.
Inquire of
176 M. A. WALMSLEY, Bristol, Pa.

DR. THOMAS,

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street, (South Side),
Philadelphia.

Use Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.

Makes the skin beautifully white and healthy, removes dandruff, chafing, prickly heat, sores, eruptions, burning, stinging and itching of the skin and scalp. A sulphur bath with it is highly recommended. Always ask for it by its full name.
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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is well known as an orator whose speeches abound in passages of poetic splendor; but it is not generally known that he has sometimes contributed—always anonymously—to the poetical literature of America. On the 19th of August he visited the home of Robert Burns, and there wrote the following poem.

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
Of patriot, king, and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here;
Here lived the gentle peasant-prince,
The loving cotter-king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day;
And yet I stand within this room
And hold all thrones in scorn,
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched
The something deemed divine;
And here the world through all the years
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

August 10, 1878.

LEWIS, THE HUSBAND OF GEORGE ELIOT.

Personally Lewes was thought to be plain because he was deeply marked with smallpox and his features were thin and of late much hollowed by the wear of thoughts and the constant gnawing of the kind of atrophy which at length broke the thread of life. But his countenance was always radiant with intelligence, and his beautiful, large blue eye was frank and pleasant to look into as deep, clear water. In no man that I ever saw were they more truly the window of the soul. He had fine teeth also, and with his mobile features and his always hearty laugh he needed no Hyperion curls upon his brow to make him more fascinating than most handsome men. He used to tell a good story of himself. Shortly after he had played *Othello* with a society of amateurs at the old Opera House, in the Haymarket, he was at an evening party, when a lady in conversation remarked to him how she had seen *Othello* finely acted by an amateur, to which Lewis replied that he was the actor. But the lady was incredulous, and, looking in his face, exclaimed: "Oh, but he was a very handsome man." He was not only a masterly æsthetic critic in art, whether of the drama, the lyric stage, music, or painting and sculpture, as many will remember by those charming papers in the Leader, signed "Vivian," but he could sing with all the *verve* he threw into his acting, and though not endowed with the voice of a Graziani, yet his perfect feeling for music and his dramatic power made up for his modest vocal gifts, and to hear him join in the famous trio in "William Tell," or sing one of his favorite songs of Salvator Rosa, or Beethoven's song of "The Flea," was a thing never to be forgotten. He was a devoted lover of classical music, and for years past, in company with his dearest friend and companion of his life, he enjoyed the music of the great masters at the St. James Hall concerts, where two familiar figures in the front row of the sofas will now be missed forever. Lewes always regarded Goethe as his idol; and perhaps it was his own wonderfully many-sided nature that led him to feel and write with such earnest sympathy for his great model. It was a singular and interesting coincidence, that Carlyle, to whom he dedicated his life of Goethe, should have reached his eighty-third birthday on the very day that the friend of his earlier years was laid in the tomb. It is known that he sent a most affectionate message, that but for his extreme weakness he shoud have certainly joined the mourners at the grave of his dear old friend. The story of George Lewes' life is not yet to be told; that will be a sad page if ever it should be written. But this much may be anticipated of that which will be said—that beyond his great intellectual endowments he was a character of noble, almost heroic, generosity, forgiving the basest treacheries that can befall a man, and trying to forget the poignant sorrows of the heart in the pursuit of literature, and the problems of science and art.

It appears from the appraisal of the personal estate of the late Thomas H. Powers that he had advanced some forty thousand dollars to build Reformed Episcopal churches in various parts of the country from Nova Scotia to Florida, in addition to the large sums which he gave outright and excluding all of his gifts to the large church in West Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

It was a very honest old Dutch judge in Schoarie county N. Y. who listened for several hours to the arguments of counsel and then said: "Dis case has been ferry ably argued on both sides, and dare have been some ferry nice points of law brought up. I shall dake dree days to gonsider these points, but I shall ewentually decide for de blaintiff."

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded very pathetically by saying, "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

It is not often that a public document is in great demand, but the report of Mr. B. G. Northrup, the secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, for 1878 enjoys the distinction of so great popularity that its issue is exhausted, and persons having copies on hand are requested to send them to headquarters for redistribution.

Two theatrical critics were quarreling. "Your articles are the laughing-stock of the town," said one. "The time will come when yours will be," returned the other. "When?" asked the first. "When somebody reads them," answered his companion.

The world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority and appearance. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people, who can look only at the outside.

"Whiskey is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones. "But," said Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh yes, Deacon Jones; but it don't say we are to swallow them."

"Don't you love her still?" asked the judge to a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way; but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

The *Boston Transcript* says: "A North End man calls his baby Macbeth, because it murders sleep." The story is something like that of the Irishman who called his pig Maud, because she would come into the garden.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Is this a fair?" said a stranger, stopping in front of a place where a festival was in progress, and addressing a citizen. "Well," replied the citizen, "they call it fair, but they take everybody in." He probably had invested in a ticket in an oyster soup lottery and had drawn a blank.

"That's the sort of umbrella that people appropriate," said a gentleman to a companion one morning, showing him a very handsome one. "Yes," rejoined his companion, quietly, "I thought so when I saw you holding it."

A good name is best won by good deeds. There is no surer way of being well thought of as by deserving well. "You have a little world around you," wrote Daniel Webster to an early friend; "fill it with good deeds, and you will fill it with your own glory."

☞ Give your neighbor a helping hand by recommending him to keep Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup in his family for all the ills babies are subject to.

Bayard Taylor's Love of Flowers.—Among the many tributes to the memory of Bayard Taylor is one from the pen of Mrs. Susan Gray, wife of Henry Peters Gray, the artist, who enjoyed Mr. Taylor's hospitality on many occasions while he was residing with his family in Florence, Italy. She says: "One thing I remember especially about Mr. Taylor was his intense love for flowers. While in Florence he used to take great pleasure in strolling through the flower gardens, and his descriptions of his favorite flowers were the most eloquent I ever heard. He made a study of anemones, and sketched many specimens which pleased him. He used to compare these flowers to tongues of flame, and speak of the cheerful influence which they exerted over his spirit. Mr. Taylor used to spend this morning in study, but in the afternoon he was the most gracious of hosts and visitors. He was the life of Americans in Florence. I think he loved Italy as he loved art. He liked the country, the language and the people, and he had the happy faculty of making himself at home in any country. He had a funny way of saying satirical things without giving the least offense. He liked the society of artists, and his criticisms on art subjects were always fair and intelligent."

Professor S——, whose loss is deeply lamented in the scholastic circles of New York, was at one time a highly valued contributor to the journal of which he afterwards took charge, and being one day introduced to its editor, was greeted with every expression of cordiality and respect. It was a great pleasure to meet one whose learning and services had been etc., etc. "But, Professor," added the editor, turning upon him and seizing his hand with such an earnestness and solemnity in his face, "I hope you pray for my printers!" The professor replied that he was very happy to offer his prayers in behalf of any who were in need of them; but what was the special urgency in this case? "Ah!" answered the editor, shaking his head impressively, "if you could but hear them swear when they get to work on your manuscript!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Hatched!—At a recent discussion meeting held by negroes, the question of the evening was, "Which am the mudder of the chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?" The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combated, when a shrewd fellow put the case thus—"S'pose dat you set one dozen ducks' eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?" This was a poser, but the chairman found a way out of the difficulty. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, announced—"Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question—derefore I rule de ducks out; and so he did to the complete overthrow of those who held a different opinion.

Professor Loomis continues his experiments in the mountains of West Virginia to demonstrate his theory that at certain elevations there is a natural electric current, by taking advantage of which telegraphic messages may be sent without the use of wires. It is said that he has telegraphed as far as eleven miles by means of kites flown with copper wire. When the kites reached the same altitude, or got into the same current, communication by means of an instrument similar to the Morse instrument was easy, but ceased as soon as one of the kites was lowered. He has built towers on two hills about twenty miles apart, and from the tops of them has run up steel rods into the region of the electric current.

"During my boyhood," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster whose way of catching idle boys was rather odd. One day he said to us:

"'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmonds, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.'

"I did so, and was caught in the trap the schoolmaster had set.

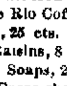
Probably many persons have from time to time been struck with meeting perfectly English surnames among Frenchmen. This often arises from their being the descendants of Englishmen who emigrated to towns in France, which at this time belonged to England. In the last century a large city in central France contained De-Greys, Allens, Battonsa (recalling the familiar names of Batton, and Guestler), Gibsons, Masseys, Grosleys, Waltons and Hudsons.

☞ A Wise Deacon.—"Deacon Winder I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when al. the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had all the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

Bristol.

$100 REWARD!



A LARGE NUMBER of Bristol people have been induced by our low prices and sharp competition to abandon their weekly purchasing trips to the city.— We are now determined to COMPEL those who still persist in their old habit to follow the wise example of their neighbors We will forfeit $100 if any Store in Philadelphia can show a cheaper price list than we offer this week. Just look!

Pure Leaf Lard, 8 cts. lb.; choice Rio Coffee, 20 cts. lb.; splendid Butter, 15, 20, 25 cts. lb; choice Currants, 3 cts. lb.; best Raisins, 8 cts. lb; warranted Hams, 11½ cts. lb.; Soaps, 2, 3, 4, 5 cts, &c. Oleine, full lb., 7 cts, Cocoa shells, 5 cts. lb; new Prunes, 8 cts. lb, new Mackerel, 10 cts. doz.; good Tea, 25 cts. lb.; Laundry Starch 5 cts. lb, Oilcloth, 30 cts. yd; A No. 1 Pepper, 15 cts lb.; Trunks, all kinds, $1.15 up; 4-quart Teapot, 20 cts, large line Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Wall Paper, at very low prices.— The largest and cheapest line of Gents' Furnishing Goods. Good white Undershirts and Drawers, 25 cts. each, best, 40 and 56 cts, all wool Drawers, 75 cts.; fine Merino Shirt, 50 cts.; "Pearl" Dress Shirt, 3-ply linen bosom, best muslin, reduced to 90 cts. Boys' White Shirts, 18 cts., Men's strong Working Shirts, 30, 40 cts; Overalls, 30 to 60 cts. Men's heavy tap-soled Boots, $2.00; Fine-stitched Calfskin Gaiters, $2.50. Latest styles Gents' Neckties, Cuffs, Collars, &c., cheap. Men's good Hats. 50 cts; fine Felt, $1.25; Boys' Sunday Hats, 75 cts.; Gents stiff Hats, $1.00. Navy Blue Shirts, $1.00; good knit Jackets, 90 cts.; all wool, $1 30. Children's Undershirts, 13 cts. Flowers, 10 cts. spray.— Stockings, 5 cts. Tablecloth, 16 cts. yd.; Pins, 2 cts. paper. Gingham, 7 cts.; Canton Flannel, 6 cts., Muslin, 5 cts

Don't fail to ask for what you want, if you don't see it, as we keep everything, from a needle to a second-hand pulpit.

Specialty in Zephyrs and Wools. Zephyrs, 10 cts. oz., Wool, 8 cts. per oz.

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WOOD'S CHEAP STORES,
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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
BREAD, PIE & FANCY CAKE BAKER.
Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge BRISTOL, PA.

BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 881

Bristol.

TRY AND BUY. TRY YOU BUY. TRY WILL BUY.

THE NEW WEED Sewing Machine!

THE
Most Complete Machine in the Market.

WHILE the New Weed retains all the qualities of the old model, it has gained the following new ones

Lightness of Running and Noiselessness of Movement.

THE CAM has been replaced by a crank, giving an accurate movement to the needle bar, without noise.

FOR THE VIBRATING ARM is substituted a reciprocating shaft.

THE TAKE UP is entirely left out, the needle bar serving for that purpose.

The Stitch Regulating Nut is on the bed of the Machine. The upper thread slips into all its guides leaving only two places to thread.

The Shuttle is the most complete one ever made for easy threading, only one place to thread. These are a few of the improved qualities of the New Weed. In buying a Weed you know you are getting a new machine as they cannot use the old ones to make new ones of. There are a great many machines being sold for new, that are only old ones rebuilt.

We know there are a great many people yet wanting sewing machines, and there are a great many old machines that ought to be exchanged for new ones, and to those wanting machines we would say cast aside your prejudice in favor of this or that machine, and come and see the light running, easy threading, no trouble, substantial, handsome Weed. Sold cheap on easy terms Old machines taken in exchange for new ones. Old machines for sale cheap.

WILLIAM H. BOOZ, Agent,
Radcliffe Street, Bristol.
Next to Presbyterian Church. 240

Which Plan is the Best?
THE COMMERCIAL Insurance Company

Insures Dwelling Houses, Stores, &c., &c.

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In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

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PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it a
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ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 0

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BOUTCHER & SIMONS,
DEALERS IN
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WOOD, LIME, FERTILIZERS,
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manur And Horse Stable Manure,
Cornwell's Depot, Bucks County, Pa

BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand, or furnished to order. COAL of the best qualities, and lowest rate. 558

Notice to the Public.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between J. H. Bostwick and Annie Brodnax, of Bristol borough, Pa., under the firm of J. H. Bostwick & Co, was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 7th day of January 1879. All debts due said firm will be paid to J. H. Bostwick, who will continue the business at the old stand, cor Mill and Pond street.

Those indebted to said firm will please pay up as quickly as possible, in order to close the books.

J. H. BOSTWICK,
ANNIE BRODNAX.

Bristol, Jan. 7, 1879.

Notice.

Bristol, Pa., Jan. 6, 1879.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the shareholders of the BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, for the election of officers and directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, in the Livingston Mills, Bristol, Penna., on Tuesday, January 21st, 1879, at 3 o'clock P. M.

CHAS. E. SCHEIDE, Sec'y.

Farmers' Look!!!

To a young man who is a thoroughly practical farmer, not afraid of work, and with good habits, and unquestioned integrity, a very desirable opportunity will be offered to rent or purchase a fine farm in Iowa, having a hundred acres now under cultivation, and located within two and a half miles of one of the best towns in the State.

To a satisfactory man the farm will be rented upon a favorable lease, or if desired it will be sold upon terms of payment to suit the buyer, only sufficient money being needed to purchase the requisite stock. Address by letter "IOWA" *Gazette* office, Bristol.

For Sale or Rent.

THAT old, reliable and well-known business stand of Henry M. Wright's, Bath Street, Bristol.

None better in the County. Splendid new coal shed on canal, plenty of wharfage room. A yarn mill, a good opening for a grist and planing mill.

I have been established here, in the coal, lumber, flour and feed business successfully, for a number of years, and now wish to retire on account of my age.

HENRY M. WRIGHT.
25 Bath Street. Bristol, Pa.

100. For Sale. 100.

I HAVE ONE HUNDRED BUSHELS of PRIME NEW TIMOTHY SEED for sale, which is hard to beat in quality. All kinds of grain taken in exchange for Seed, at the Newportville Mills, Bucks County, Pa.

ISAAC C. FETTER.

Miscellaneous.

BURLINGTON Carriage Factory!
BROAD STREET, BELOW THE DEPOT. BURLINGTON, N. J.

I AM now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Carriages, Light and Heavy, of the most approved styles and finish, made of the best material and by first-class workmen. I have a number of first-class Carriages on hand at present, comprising

Phætons—Extension Tops and Lady's Pony Phætons, Double Seat Standing Tops, Jenny Lind Falling Top Buggies, No-Top Buggies and Track Sulkies,

which I will sell for the lowest cash price. Those who want first-class Carriages will do well to call and examine my stock, as I will not be undersold by any one who does first class work. Repairing promptly attended to and neatly done.

158 JOHN CRAFT.

SAMUEL C. BRUDON,
Radcliffe and Market Streets,
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Dealer in Fish and Oysters.

EVERY VARIETY OF FISH from fresh and salt water: Lobsters, Oysters, Clams, Soft Shell Crabs, &c., in season. My stock is selected with great care, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious, both as to quality and price. 75

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Orders received for the purchase and sale of all kinds of investment securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange, including Government Bonds, State and City Loans, Railroad Bonds and Stocks, &c., &c. 551

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GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
GOLD, STOCKS, BONDS, &c.,
Bought and sold on Commission.

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Is an absolute and irresistable cure for
DRUNK-
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It prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking off from using stimulants or narcotics.

Package, prepaid, to cure 1 to 5 persons, $2, or at your Druggists, $1.75. Temperance and charitable societies should use it.

It is harmless and never failing

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THE HOP COUGH CURE

Destroys all pain, loosens the cough, quiets the nerves and produces rest. **It never fails in performing a perfect cure where there is a shadow of hope.** Try it once and you will find it so.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGIST.

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JUST RECEIVED, A LOT OF
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Pure and free from blisters, and but little higher in price than common American.

Sizes from 6x8 to 25x40 inches.

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Home and Day School FOR GIRLS, BRISTOL, PA.

THE SECOND TERM OF MISS MERRIAM'S SCHOOL will begin on WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29th. For circulars address A. MERRIAM, Principal.

Miscellaneous.

HARDWARE AND IRON STORE,
AT NO. 47 MILL STREET,
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CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK
OF
Shelf and Heavy Hardware,
IRON AND STEEL,
NAILS AND CUTLERY,
PURE PAINTS, READY MIXED FOR IMMEDIATE USE;
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A Full Line of Locks and Bolts,
SILVER-PLATED WARE.
CORDAGE, CHAINS,
The Windsor Coffee Pot, the best in the world;
MRS POTTS COLD-HANDLED SAD IRONS,

Hollow Ware in variety; Baskets and Brushes, Knives, Scissors and Razors; Axes, of the best brands, Steel Traps, Rat Traps, and Mouse Traps, Whips, Currycombs and Horse Brushes, Saddler's Hardware, Horse Shoes and Horse Shoe Nails, Rasps and Files, Carriage and Tire Bolts, Saws and Chisels, Hatchets and Hammers, &c., &c., &c. LOWEST PRICES.

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PLUMBERS,
Steam & Gas Pipe Fitters.
Also, Dealer in Gas Fixtures, Steam Heating Apparatus, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.
REPAIR WORK SOLICITED

We call the especial attention of farmers and builders to our stock of

GENUINE CUCUMBER PUMPS,

Warranted to be of Cucumber Wood, and the cheapest and best Pump in the market These Pumps are made by skillful workmen and will stand the test that is claimed for them, and are much superior to the poplar pump, which is an imitation of them Don't buy elsewhere until you examine them and get our prices

Shop on Canal St. between Washington and Lafayette Sts.

Orders left at the East Corner of Wood and Lafayette Streets, or at the office of Livingston Mills, will receive prompt attention.

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MANUFACTURER OF
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
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Siding and Flooring,
MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS,
IN EVERY VARIETY.
Mill—Dorrance St., west of Railroad,
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Go to
E. C. JOHNSON'S
FOR CHEAP BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, AND RUBBERS.

CUSTOM work a speciality, repairing promptly attended to. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere Don't forget the place. At

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EUREKA RED OIL, (*is forty degrees higher fire test than the law requires*), can be burned in any LAMP where the chimney burner is used, *is warranted not to explode*, under forfeiture of $100.

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A full assortment of Umbrellas

At J. Milnor's Store,
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Can always be found a full line of

Fine Groceries and Provisions,
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DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
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8 Card Photographs for....................50 Cts.
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Life size Pictures Colored in Water Colors, or Indian Ink.
All work warranted to give satisfation. 10.

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FOR PARLOR, STORE, HALL, OR COOKING.
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EITHER PORTABLE OR SET IN BRICK.
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FURNACES,
EITHER PORTABLE OR TO SET IN BRICK, TO HEAT TWO OR MORE ROOMS

ROOFING at less then city prices, for cash Jobbing punctually attended to. Give me a call.

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Insurance Agency,
REMOVED TO
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FOR BOTH SEXES,
At Newtown, Pa.,
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Expenses for Week-day Boarders $3.50 per week; for Day Pupils, from $2.50 to $8, per term of 10 weeks. Expenses in Music, per term of 20 lessons, $8; in Drawing, $5; in Painting, $7. 535

MEAT! MEAT!
MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds. Special inducements given cash customers. 28

New Meat Shop,
Mill Street above Wood,
BRISTOL, PA.

D. G. MICHENER & SON,

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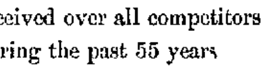

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